

The Orail

AUGUST

74-8

1942



The Grail

Volume 24, No. 8

AUGUST, 1942

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THE GRAIL

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THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Subscription price \$1.00 a year: Canada \$1.25; Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage section 1103, October 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

THE GRAIL,
ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

We employ no agents.

THE GRAIL maintains an office at 341 Madison Ave., New York City, under the management of Mrs. Marie H. Doyle. Phone MU 6-7096. THE GRAIL's eastern representative, the Rev. Charles Dudine, O.S.B., can be reached through this office. Personal calls relative to the magazine and to the Knights of the Grail will be given courteous and prompt attention. Literary contributions should be sent directly to
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BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

The Tanaka Memorial

ALMOST every American is familiar with Hitler's *Mein Kampf*—or at least with the general nature of its contents. We all know of its arrogant boastings, its hare-brained reasoning, its racial hatreds, its utter atheism. We also know how, after writing it, Hitler went to work industriously to make his fantastic dream come true. But what we do not know so well is that the Tanaka Memorial, Japan's creed for world conquest, is every bit as fantastic as *Mein Kampf*. Furthermore, it aims directly at the United States, for, says this incredible document, "we must first crush the United States." A brief study of this remarkable instrument is extremely useful these days, for it not only reveals proposed Jap strategy but also shows that even Hitler's defeat, while removing one of Japan's temporary allies, would also weaken one of her proposed victims. Many people believe that Japan is merely one of Hitler's satellites and perhaps even Hitler himself believes this; but seized Japanese documents prove otherwise. These papers prove definitely that Japan has long planned a world conquest of her own and that Hitler's attacks upon the democracies are a convenience of which she is taking full advantage. Should the totalitarians win the war by any chance, Japan's dream would call for an inevitable conflict with Germany and the other victors. The Tanaka Memorial reveals a Jap cockiness which actually defies belief.

The document now known as the Tanaka Memorial is the plan for Japanese world conquest which General Baron Giichi Tanaka, then Premier of Japan, submitted to the Emperor on July 25, 1927. The au-

thenticity of this paper is above all dispute or denial and a copy of it was included in the Dies Committee's report to Congress on Japanese activities. The paper was the result of an eleven day conference in which important officials conferred, including all military and civil officers connected with Manchuria and Mongolia. The document itself is well worth the reading, for it reveals the thoroughness of Japanese plans, especially in regard to China whose natural resources are absolutely indispensable, so Tanaka says, to Japanese domination of the East. But since it is impossible to set down here the full context of this important paper, we shall abstract only a few high lights and then pass on to the plans of Jap military experts to bring Tanaka's dream into realization.

To begin with, Tanaka deeply regrets the Nine Power Treaty. Said he: "The restrictions of the Nine Power Treaty . . . have reduced our special rights and privileges in Manchuria and Mongolia to such an extent that there is no freedom left for us. The very existence of our country is endangered. Unless these obstacles are removed, our national existence will be insecure and our national strength will not develop." With this idea as his premise, the Premier then proceeds to outline his plans for virtual nullification of the treaty and the ultimate enslavement of China. Then he brings the United States into his picture. His next utterance is most important, for it reveals Jap aims for world conquest.

"Japan can not remove the difficulties in Eastern Asia unless she adopts a policy of 'Blood and Iron.' But in carrying out these policies

we have to face the United States which has been turned against us by China's policy of fighting poison with poison. (A remarkable admission of Japanese poison!) In the future if we want to control China, we must first crush the United States just as in the past we had to fight in the Russo-Japanese War. But in order to conquer China, we must first conquer Manchuria and Mongolia. In order to conquer the world, we must first conquer China. If we succeed in conquering China, the rest of the Asiatic countries and the South Sea countries will fear us and surrender to us. Then the world will realize that Eastern Asia is ours and will not dare to violate our rights. This is the plan left to us by the Emperor Meiji, the success of which is necessary to our national existence."

That Japan has conquered Manchuria and Mongolia is now history and her subsequent attack upon China was simply the following of Tanaka's schedule. But, even though Japan never suspected that Chinese resistance would be so stiff, she knew full well and accordingly admitted that she could never hope to dominate China without first "crushing the United States." But the canny Tanaka evidently foresaw some trouble in conquering China, for he urged that it be attempted without delay for, said he, "A more dangerous factor is the fact that China might some day wake up." China did wake up and in sufficient time to throw a heavy monkey wrench into Japan's machinery for world domination.

After conquering China on paper, Mr. Tanaka then proceeds with more grandiose projects. "Having China's entire resources at our disposal we

shall proceed to conquer India, the Archipelago, Asia Minor, Central Asia, and even Europe." After announcing these aims—with the United States already disposed of, most naturally—Tanaka then proceeds to show how thoroughly he has had China's usefulness to Japan studied by experts. There is no form of resource in all China concerning which the Premier had not definite knowledge as to quantity, quality and usefulness. He even projected several new railroads by which to haul these riches out of the interior. Japanese looting was to be complete in every detail. Not having sufficient money for all these enterprises, this schemer proposed that outside capital be interested and then seized when the zero hour should arrive. Quoth he: "We can always sell dog's meat with a sheep's head as a signboard." Anyone who doubts Jap deceit and perfidy should have no further doubts after learning how highest Jap statesmen officially counsel skullduggery in all international relationships. If one wants to learn how to build an empire upon the Hitler or Jap method, Tanaka's memorial to his emperor constitutes a full fledged course in everything ungodly and immoral.

However, interesting as Tanaka's memorial is in itself, that interest pales when placed alongside plans of the Jap military staff for carrying out the "crushing of the United States." The following are some of the Chapter headings and sub-titles taken from a Japanese government book. Since this book has been in existence for some time, it definitely proves that the dastardly Pearl Harbor attack was not the result of a breakdown in the American-Japanese negotiations immediately preceding it.

"Chapter I: The China Incident and the United States; Pacific War—a hard struggle; The Second World War and the United States; The United States and Canada. Chapter II: Illusioned America; Battleships in Construction. Chapter IV: United States-Japan War inevitable; U. S.-Japan friendship a delusion. Chapter X: Time of conflict—lightning military movements.

Chapter XI: Japan's attack on the Philippine Islands; The Philippine and Asiatic fleet; Occupation of Guam by the Japanese fleet. Chapter XII: Fall of Manila; Japan's flag hoisted in the Philippine Islands. Chapter XIII: Fear of destruction of foreign trade—Japan plans foreign trade destruction. Chapter XIV: Singapore and Hong Kong; Problem of Singapore Army Base; What becomes of Hong Kong. Chapter XV: The U. S. fleet in Hawaii; Pacific battle force and military strength; Entire fleet concentrates at Pearl Harbor. Chapter XVI: Japan's surprise fleet. Chapter XVII: American naval expedition to Japan; Japanese expedition; Destruction of United States fleet; movement of Japan's fleet. Chapter XIX: United States-Japanese great battle in the Pacific; Attacks of U. S. capital ships; Withdrawal of United States fleet. Chapter XX: Japanese occupation of Hawaii; Japanese closing of the Panama Canal."

While the above items show how Japan has planned her victories and our defeats, they also show the schedule upon which she is working. Here are a couple of extracts from the above book which show how she plans to effect her operations. "In the future, our submarines must be able to operate alone in the west Pacific; their ability to attack, and to make long journeys, is vitally important. Submarines which can travel 10,000 miles could easily cross the Pacific. There are very small type subs which could accomplish a lot on the American side of the Pacific.

"Our navy will quickly occupy the Midway Islands, and a submarine base will be established at once. It is only 1160 miles to Hawaii, a very convenient distance for our surprise fleet. To this surprise fleet belong mine layers capable of carrying heavy loads of mines for distribution in American sea routes of merchantmen and battleships. We can then strike the enemy fleet at a most opportune time, and cut off communication lines as well as merchantmen."

It is significant to note that Japan's attempts to date have

followed very closely this previously announced time table. Regarding the Panama Canal, this book says: "The remaining question is: What will become of the Panama Canal? Panama is a little over 4,600 knots from Hawaii and about 8000 knots from Japan, so an attack is not an easy matter and will require a considerable navy force. If, at the outbreak of the war, we proceed immediately to attack and close the Canal, we could cut off the Atlantic from the Pacific. If the Panama Canal falls into Japanese possession and there is another Japan-America war, the United States will certainly strike at Panama; however, while Japan controls this area, the American fleet will be divided . . . Japanese possession of the Panama Canal has a direct bearing upon future peace; therefore, by all means, Japan must take the Canal and keep it even after the war."

Quite a few Japanese leaders, both military and civil, have spoken in support of Tanaka's plans for world conquest. One, written several years ago by Lieutenant-General Kiyokatsu Sato, even goes so far as to march Jap divisions across the United States from the Pacific to the Atlantic. To read it is to read a thrilling epic of naval and military victories. This little brown man divided the Japanese-American War into four phases, each a complete operation in itself and extending over several years perhaps. In fact, he admits the war might conceivably last "several score years." However, he expects most of this time to be taken up by Japan's efforts to cross the continental United States and well it might take that long, if not longer.

In the first phase of his pipe dream, General Sato has the opposing fleets slugging it out for Hawaii. Japan simply must take Hawaii, he says, otherwise American bombardments of Tokyo and Osaka will be common affairs. However, this astute strategist admits Hawaii's strength along with that of its defending naval force and states quite frankly that Japanese operations must be made with subtlety and lightning speed. Evidently this gentleman is considered quite an

authority in such matters, for the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor contained both the above elements, plus a few more not so nice to mention in honest society. However, the General has no doubts about Japan's ability to take the islands and to wipe out the defending American fleet. This operation constitutes his first phase.

Then this yellow Napoleon moves on to the main American fleet and the Panama Canal. When he has destroyed both, Mr. Sato moves into his third phase which he says will be very easy. This phase consists of landing invading divisions on our Pacific coast. After a very thorough and deliberate destruction of west coast cities and ports, this terror on wheels next establishes a main defense line along the Rockies. He wants this line so that it will ward off any attempts to interfere with the huge massings of Jap troops on the coast preparatory to an overland trek to all points east.

Now comes the fourth phase and one which even the arrogant Hon. Sato frankly admits will be a tough assignment. Jap troops will fight their way eastward until the Atlantic's waves lave their tired pedal extremities. This might take many years, the General confesses, and, judging from what a mere handful of Yanks and Filipinos did to an entire Jap army at Bataan, a glimmer of truth can be seen in his admission. It will be a great and glorious victory, croons Mr. Sato very happily, laying down his embattled pen. A victory for the world's chosen race!

But before writing *Finis* to his word picture of an America groveling in the dust of agonized defeat, Mr. Sato very carefully asks what, at first, seems to be a stunner. "What will happen," he asks himself, "if the first phase fails and Japan fails to take Hawaii?" This would seem to upset the apple cart; but no! says Sato. In such case, the Jap fleet will simply retire and decline further action until its submarines and air fleets have whittled down the American fleet to a point where it can be easily licked and then the grand strategy starts in all over again; first, second, third, and

fourth phases in order, right according to Hoyle and Sato. One thing is most evident from all the above documents: Japan never presupposes her own defeat. No matter what reverses she may suffer or what devastating losses her forces and even her homeland incur, she plans to hang on by hook or crook until, in some way or other, she can gain the victory. Even in Mr. Sato's plan, he is perfectly willing to allot, because of reverses, several years to the taking of Hawaii alone and equal or longer periods to his further phases of operation.

Such an attitude on the part of a nation fighting a purely defensive war is understandable; but to imagine that a people would be willing to shed the rivers of blood necessary to conquer a world inch by inch seems utterly fantastic until one

DE PROFUNDIS

Into the depths, O Lord, I strayed
In search of another and brighter day,

But never again, Lord, will I stray
In quest of another and clearer way.

Thy words Divine, spoken for me;
May they guide Thy Light for all to see;

And never again, Lord, shall I flee,
Never again away from Thee.

Philip Anthony Ford

understands the motivations behind each and every one of Japan's millions of people. For the Japanese do not consider they are fighting a war of conquest—they are carrying on a jihad. While one of Hitler's main objectives is anti-religion, Japan's aggression—barring its economic aspects which China's occupation should satisfy—is caused by religion. The trouble lies in the wrongness of the religion, for Japan's Shinto is another horrible example of the evils of paganistic thinking. Shinto, Japan's state religion, is a peculiar thing, having neither dogma nor morals. Made up mostly of mythology and a politico-religious ritual, its chief tenet is the teaching of implicit obedience to the mikado and inculcating unquestioning belief in his divinity and consequently in his mission on earth. To

help along in this belief, ancestral worship and the worship of certain dead heroes are mixed in. Many of these worshipped dead are deified in a minor way, but the main worship centers around the ancestral deities of the imperial family.

Japs are taught that they are descendants of gods and therefore a godlike, master race. This puts them into direct competition with Hitler who claims he heads the world's master race. According to Jap teachings, the entire human race started on a Jap island, having two gods and one goddess for ancestors. However, as the descendants of these sons and daughter of the rising sun spread over the world, many of them became alienated from their original race, even their color changing from the original hue. Despite these defections, the gods expect them to be brought back into the fold, but, since they have lost caste, they are to be dominated by the Japs who never strayed. To this end, their emperor, although a god, lives on earth to advance the return of all peoples to the cult of the sun god. The present mikado evidently feels he has been both called and chosen to get some action on this matter. Therefore, when Jap soldiers and sailors get themselves killed in battle with a fanatical zeal which astounds their opponents, they are but fulfilling a religious destiny, so they think, their death placing them in a very honored category in the hereafter. Hence much of their supposed courage is nothing more than the fanaticism of a pagan cult. To them, *Kunikara*—love of country—is synonymous with *HaraKara*—their love of ancestors and dead heroes.

So once again we see the frightfulness of paganism. Even though Jap paganism is entirely different from the Nazi variety, it still lacks that spirituality and morality upon which a sane and decent world must always depend. Only brains twisted by paganistic reasoning are capable of producing such things as *Mein Kampf* and the Tanaka Memorial. The idea of charity for all and malice towards none appears in neither of them.

RAMBLES IN WESTMINSTER

Cyril Hettich

David Senefeld

HEROES turned dreamers in a tranquil land is the thought that comes as one walks about Westminster Abbey gazing upon this immense and varied splendor raised by a mighty nation to its glorious departed during eleven hundred years. Fittingly symbolic of this, there is in the north transept entrance of the Abbey the seated figure of our Lord bestowing a benediction upon the two converging lines of figures representing monarchs, clergy, soldiers, men of science and letters whose service to God and men is commemorated unto posterity.

That is why for a brief account of some of the most artistically beautiful splendors raised to the departed, a writer turns naturally to the Abbey.

As the visitor walks about, he reads a story of conquest and colonization throughout the world. Here hundreds of stone carvings, bas-reliefs, monuments depict knights in armor, square-ended ships, broken cannons, anchors, landing parties, battle scenes, barrels of powder, men dying in the heat of conflict, all the varied and many incidents from 700 years while Britain's seamen and her soldiers explored the ever expanding world to rear an Empire.

In company with these men of action rest the churchmen, scientists, and literary great who are a complement to every important nation. A queer feeling comes to the visitor as he moves about, walking sometimes over lettered slabs beneath which lie such departed celebrities as Gladstone, Thomas Hardy, William Hunter, Addison, Bulwer Lytton, Handel, and old Ben Jonson. In the case of the last named, one actually stands upon Jonson's head, for Ben was buried standing up; he, at his own request, being only allotted two feet by two. He had been in turns bricklayer, soldier, actor, tutor and dramatist. One day in conversation with the dean of Westminster on being chided about his burial in Poet's Corner of the Abbey, Jonson replied: "I am too poor, and no one will pay for six feet by two of ground for me. Two feet by two is all I ask or can afford." "You shall have it," the dean replied. Positive proof that Jonson was so placed came in 1849 when the spot was disturbed for a burial nearby, and



In contrast to this pleasant description of the Abbey before bombs threatened its existence are the later reports of whole sections of the venerable building shattered in the war.

the bones were found in a standing position.

It is not the intention here to dwell on the Royal Corner filled with the dust of illustrious kings, nor to deal with tombs of men and women already well known, but rather to tell of a few of the many little-known people, of monuments beautiful or strange, which have been until now generally ignored by most writers intent only upon dealing with monarchs and the historically well known.

However, a brief account of the effigies collected in Westminster deserves a place here. For they are unique and little has been written about them. They are the remnants surviving an ancient custom dating back to the 13th century and partly in observance until the year 1811, when Admiral Nelson's effigy, in wax, was the last to be added. At the funeral of noted persons during a long period of time until 1735, it was the custom to carry before them to the grave an image which was as

lifelike as possible. These were later set up in the church. The earliest ones were made of wood, though in some cases they had hands, feet and heads of plaster. Some wore wigs and the faces were painted. Later wax figures were used, and the taking of a death mask made a procurable and accurate likeness. At the time of the Protestant Revolt many figures were stripped of their robes and had their faces broken. Among the ones to suffer were Edward I and III, Henry V and VII, and James I. The only wax effigies remaining today are eleven in number. The weird figure of Queen Elizabeth wears a battered dirty ruff. King William and Mary are in a large case, with William upon a footstool to offset his wife's extreme height. She wears a purple velvet dress adorned with real de rose lace. The effigy of the Duke of Buckinghamshire who died at the age of nineteen, in 1735, was the last one to be carried at a funeral. The figure of Frances, Duchess of Richmond, lying upon a bier in a glass case is dressed in the robes she wore at the coronation of Queen Anne. Beside her is a stuffed parrot, her companion for forty years. The image of the Earl of Chatham is resplendent in his parliamentary robes. The oldest in wax is that of Charles II, dressed in blue and red velvet robes of the

order of the Garter. His face is an excellent contemporary portrait. That of Nelson, the last to be added, is dressed in his actual clothes, and the hat he wore before his last battle. To all persons interested in the past nothing could be more valuable than this strange collection of figures from the long ago until now, giving as they do in many instances so near a likeness to the departed.

In the north transept one comes upon the monument of Admiral Vernon, 1557, "Old Grog" Vernon, from whose "Grogram" boat-cloak came the name grog applied to a sailor's ration of rum, which Vernon invented. The Admiral captured Portebello with only six ships. Close by this grand old sea dog is the bust of Jonas Hanway, chiefly famous as the first man in England to carry an umbrella. His more important, though less known work, was the founding of the Marine Society where poor boys were trained for the sea. In the Belfry Tower is an enormous statue to Charles James Fox, "The man of the people." Fox is shown as he lies dying in the arms of liberty in the abolition of the slave trade. Few of us have ever heard of Jeremiah Horrocks, but in the west end of the nave a tablet stands to remind us how this young clergyman astronomer first observed the transit of Venus on December 4th, 1639.

The dead do not care, but it is nice for the living. this recalling those who have in various ways served mankind.

As one steps before the tomb of the great dramatist William Congreve, who died in 1729, one is led to think of Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, who not only erected his monument, but had a skilled artisan make an ivory statue of Congreve moved by clockwork. This she had daily upon her table before her and talked to it as if it were the person represented. Further still she had a wax doll made in imitation of him, the feet of which were regularly treated by a doctor in memory of Congreve's suffering from the gout. Truly this is the world's most eccentric and far-carried example of hero worship on record.

In the south aisle, a simple tablet recalls the sad tale of lady Giffers who was maid, wife, and widow all in one day, her husband dying on their wedding day.

In the center of the nave,

a stone marks the spot where rested only a few days the remains of George Peabody, one of the first great American financiers. Pierpont Morgan was his pupil for a long time. Peabody dwelt a long time in England and was among the earliest leaders to build a model house for his workmen. In various parts of the Abbey other notable Americans are honored by bronze medals, engraved stones, or medallions and windows. Numbered among these are Longfellow, James Russel Lowell, and Walter Hines Page. As the white tablet says of Page: "He will always be remembered as the friend of Britain in her sorest need."

The bas-reliefs on the tomb of Sir Cloudesley Shovel bring to mind one of the most tragic stories connected with Britain's daring admirals. He rose from a common sailor by many deeds of amazing valor. In the Dutch war, to mention only the most spectacular, when he was a mere boy he swam from one ship to the other under heavy fire carrying an important order in his mouth. After his tremendous victory over the French when he annihilated their Mediterranean fleet he was sailing home when his flagship was wrecked off the Scilly Islands. His body was found on the rocks. Thirty years later an old island woman confessed having found the admiral exhausted but otherwise quite all right; she killed him for a valuable emerald ring he wore.

Though England has produced many great painters, oddly enough, the only one commemorated in the Abbey

is Sir Godfrey Kneller, portrait artist from the time of Charles I to George I. Still queerer, Kneller's dying words were: "By God, I will not be buried in Westminster." He designed his own monument and paid 15,000 dollars and chose his place in Twickenham Church. But due to a dispute between the widow and the Pope, whose father's tablet was also at the spot, Kneller was buried in the west end of the nave where Fox's tomb now is. Not far from Kneller rears up the black marble monument of Sir Thomas Richardson, nicknamed "the sneering judge." A bronze bust shows the judge in his robes and a hat that is peculiarly commemorated. He had a habit of leaning low in his judge's chair, resting his elbow in a careless manner. One day a malefactor hurled a stone at



Unusual tomb in Westminster Abbey, showing figure of death striking with his dart at Lady Elizabeth Nightingale.

Richardson which only took off the judge's hat (why he was wearing it in court the record does not say.) "You see," said Richardson, "If I had been an upright judge, I would have been killed."

If you do not know who invented ventilators, a walk in the Abbey will tell you it was Stephen Hales, 1761, whose memory has been preserved by a modest tablet.

In the Poets' Corner, though why it is hard to tell, lies Thomas Parr, 1634, a man unforgettable in history for having lived 152 years, through the reign of ten monarchs, 1483-1635. He might have lived to a real old age if he had stayed in his native village of Winton. But when 152, his fame reached London. He was brought there and lavishly entertained. Even Charles II gave him a reception. Seven weeks of unaccustomed high living brought Parr to his death bed. Parr was immortalized in a painting by Rubens.

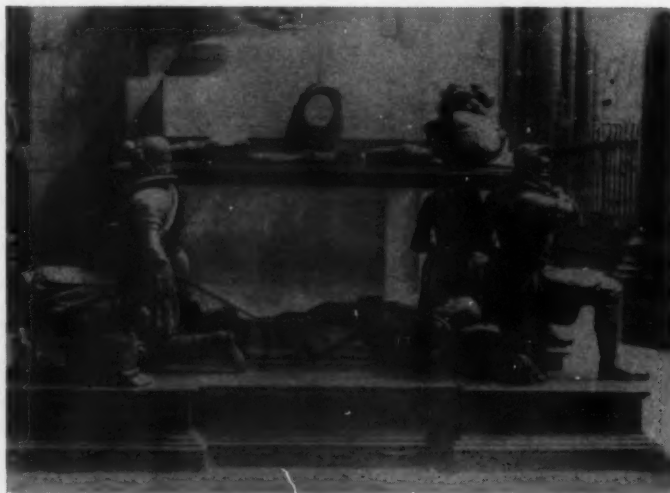
At the east end of the north aisle, sometimes called "The Innocent's Corner" stands the "Cradle Tomb," the only example of its kind in the world. It was raised in 1605 to Sophia, aged three days, daughter of James I.

Looming immense in the north ambulatory portion of the Abbey the colossal monument of General Wolfe stands memorial to him to whom Britain owes her supremacy in the half of North America. This was

erected by Parliament in 1772 at a cost of \$5,000. The group shows a fanciful representation of Wolfe's death, his sight dimmed by the approaching end, and he begs those who support him to describe the course of events to which he listens eagerly. On the bronze bas-relief is shown the landing of British troops and their ascent of the heights of Abraham. Upon Wolfe's monument since the Peace Treaty the Canadian Government ordered two flags to be placed as a perpetual memory of Canada's help to the Mother Country.

In the St. John's Chapel is perhaps the most artistic tomb of the many, which makes a selection from among them for description so difficult. Four kneeling knights support the discarded armor of Sir Francis Vere, as a sign he died on his bed and not in battle. Below the armor lies the effigy of Sir Francis. So lifelike are the supporting knights that the great French sculptor Roubillac was found one day gazing fixedly upon one of them. As a friend approached, Roubillac held up his hand; "Hugh, he will speak in a minute."

It is a far cry from the first rough mound of earth by which primitive man recalled for a little space some one loved or honored, to the spacious vastness and tranquillity of the Abbey, the last word in mankind's evolution toward magnificently remembering the great names of a nation.



One of most artistic tombs in Westminster Abbey, that of Sir Francis Vere, 1609, a famous soldier.

GLOBE TROTTING TO MASS

Rev. William Schaefer, Litt. M.

THINK of motoring from 6,000 to 8,000 miles a year in order to be able to attend Mass on Sundays and holydays of obligation. That is what



the Paul Eisenbart family, of near Rolla, Kansas, does. Paul, 29-year old husband and former star football player, Bernadette, his 25-year old wife, and Mary Ann, three year old daughter, constitute the family. They live on a 700-acre rented farm in the extreme southwestern corner of Kansas and are the parishioners of the Rev. Robert Stock, C.P.P.S., whose parochial territory, that measures roughly 40 by 100 miles, has a magnificent spread of 4,000 square miles. But Father Stock has only 153 Catholic families in his "parish." Thus, the density of Catholic population in his extensive mission field is only four families to every 100 square miles.

LONG TRIP TO MASS

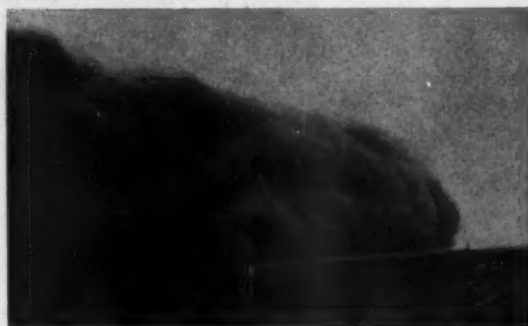
The Eisenbarts attend Mass every Sunday and holyday without fail, and they have been late for services but once! In order to appreciate this prodigious achievement, one must understand the situation.

The family necessarily must keep a close tab on their pastor's Mass schedule. Each Sunday they drive to the nearest place where Mass is said. Occasionally, it is "near" home, at Hugoton, only 25 miles away, the round trip that Sunday is only

50 miles. Or Mass is at Elkart, also "near" home, only 30 miles away; the round trip that Sunday is only 60 miles. Unfortunately, however, Mass is not said very often at Hugoton and Elkart, which are only "stations." Most of the time the family is obliged to drive to Liberal for Mass, 45 miles away; the round trip that Sunday is 90 miles; or they must drive to Satanta, 50 miles away; or they must drive to Plains, where the pastor lives, 75 miles away.

At rare intervals it happens that the nearest place for Mass will be at Guymon, Oklahoma, only 40 miles away, and then the Eisenbarts leave their state and parish to enter Oklahoma. But Paul says, "Somehow, we don't have much luck driving to Oklahoma. Usually, the roads are very bad down that way. The only time in 26 months that we missed Mass was on one of our attempted trips to Guymon. It had been raining heavily for a week and when we got as far as the bridge which spans the Canadian river, we had to turn back—with Guymon in sight. The bridge had been washed out and there was no possible way to get into the town."

Sometimes the car is not available—then the family uses the truck. Once they drove to Plains by truck to attend the 7 o'clock Mass there; going and coming back home, they were eight hours



on the road. It has happened that the Mass schedule was changed without their knowing it, or that they made a mistake and drove to the wrong town; in such instances, the Eisenbarts add mileage. Once they drove to Hugoton, only to discover that Mass was to be at Liberal. Undaunted, they hurried to Liberal, 40 miles away, and arrived in time. On returning home, the mileage for that trip read 130.

THE DUST BOWL

Many times the driving is hard, through rain or snow or dust storms, through mud or over icy roads. For the Eisenbarts live in the heart of the "Dust Bowl." It is an open country of imperial stretches. The land is partly sloping, mostly flat. It is a country of gorgeous sunsets and endless acres, here much wrinkled by erosion, there billowed with Russian thistles... here ridged with sand dunes, there covered with blankets of golden sand that is as fine as flour. It is a country of coyotes and starry nights, where the hunter can get a thrill and the poet inspiration.

But it was not always a dust bowl. Once upon a time it was a rich grazing country. Blue stem and buffalo grass grew luxuriantly. Vast herds of cattle fattened on it. But one summer the weather was unbelievably dry. And that first very dry year was followed by more dry years—long heat-sizzling droughts, and fire! The dried grass went up in smoke and fire. After a long barren spell, life came back to the soil. Tractors were brought in. Soon whole principalities were plowed under. Wheat became king. As far as the eye could see, there was wheat. When the winds swept over the fields, they looked like waving fields of gold. But alas, after a decade of prosperity, came another cycle of dreadful droughts—and furious sand storms. They blew in from all directions. The endless acres of plowed ground soon became a desert of sand. Houses were sealed up with flexo glass, or "glass cloth." Living conditions became extremely uncomfortable. Many families moved out of the bowl. But many families stuck it out, among them the Eisenbarts. They weathered the whole thing pluckily. And every Sunday they drove to Mass, no matter how violently the dust storms were blowing. Many a time during the height of a storm, they were obliged to drive off the road, and park, to wait until the atmosphere had cleared up. It would have been dangerous to drive on into the teeth of the storm.

A GOOD LITTLE TRAVELER

Mary Ann's coming made life sweeter in the Eisenbart home. Whenever the storms blew furiously, filling the humble little frame farm house

with choking dust, Bernadette placed her baby in the "rummage" room that has one window, sealed and double sealed with flexo glass. At the age of two, Mary Ann ventured forth to play in the sand. And ever since, she has been an outdoor lover. She wants a tricycle. But until the sand is gone, she will not get one—for she couldn't peddle through the sand nor over the 7,000 feed bundles that her daddy scattered all around and about the yard to keep the sand and dust from blowing. It is all that she can do to pull her little wagon along the footpaths.

Mary Ann is a perfect little lady. She obeys like a fervent Novice. Her conduct during Mass amazes the people. She stands on the kneeler, usually between her daddy and mamma; or she sits quietly on the bench, or, when sleep overtakes her, lies on the bench like a bundle of flaxen flowers. O yes, Mary Ann always goes to Mass with her parents, even when they drive the jolting truck. She never frets. Like her parents, she is a good little traveler.

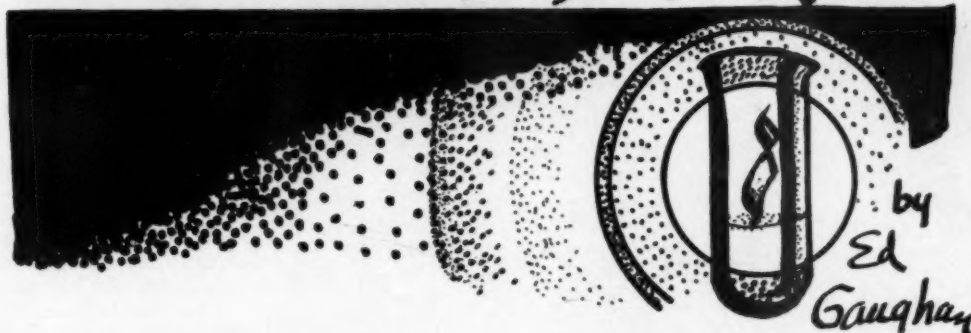
BRIGHTER PROSPECTS

Today the Dust Bowl country is staging a comeback. The storms are fewer in number now and less violent than they were two years ago. The farmers are farming again. Last year the row crops were bountiful. Paul harvested miles and miles of row crops: maize, kafir, atlas, sargo, K-sargo, and kane. This year, in addition to row crops, he has wheat and cattle. And Bernadette has a little flock of chickens and a few setting hens. But there are sand rats everywhere. There are millions of them in the fields, barns and barn yards, sheds, and basements. Chicken houses must be lined with heavy tin. And to make doubly sure that the rats will not get into the nest of eggs, each setting hen must be set in a steel oil drum filled near to the top with straw plummies. The rats cannot climb up the sides of a steel drum.

For the Eisenbarts it is: *Ad astra per aspera*. But they are happy and prospering. And Mary Ann has her pet dog and cat, wagon and dolls. There are no nearby neighbors, and consequently no children to play with. She is a dainty little queen who romps about in the sand and over feed bundles, instead of over a lawn. Her thrillingest big moment comes when she takes her place in the car, between her parents, for the long drive to Mass. She says, "Going to see Jesus, now." And away the family sails, over sand and dirt roads for many miles.

The Eisenbarts are a heroic little trinity, with a devotion to the Sacred Mysteries that surpasses anything we have heard tell about in many a year.

The Room Was Dark



THE PALE light from the chill October moon struggled through shifting clumps of murky clouds; the low, moaning wind from the bay sent billows of soft greyish fog rolling and plunging amid the scattered leaves in the street that danced to every sigh of the ominously laughing wind.

Omeath slept; and only a few checkered squares of light, coming from dim glowing windows, gave evidence that there was in this city of the dead few who either would not or could not sleep.

A hurried knock brought Father Jerry's handy man to the door. A ray from the blinking street light outside struck the face of the figure in the doorway, and upon the beckoning jerk of his head, Mary Lakin stepped inside. As she stood for a moment trying to regain her breath from her dash along the shadow-cast walks of Charles Street, the moonlight, streaming through the window at the top of the stairway, struck the waves of ebony-black hair that enshrined her face and reflected the soft warm glow of her eyes and slightly parted lips. Turning, she followed Joey up the stairway to Father Jerry's rooms.

Father Jerry had been wanted by the Black and Tans for some time. It was he who had carried the Blessed Sacrament under heavy fire to a dying man in the Republican Barracks, and since then he had been a fugitive. They claimed that

he had been a spy and was carrying information to the Barracks where Donald O'Hannigan, Commandant of the Republican forces of Omeath lay wounded. During the whole of that terrible attack on the Barracks, Father Jerry had done heroic work among the wounded and dying. When the depleted forces of the Republicans were finally compelled to abandon the Barracks, he made the bloody escape with them, and was secreted away into one of the tenements of Three Courts by a selected few who could be trusted.

Father's door opened and Joey peered out; he motioned for Mary to enter. As she tip-toed into the small chapel, she thought of how Father Jerry had promised to marry Brian and her this spring in his little church on O'Connell Street, but now, with the Black and Tans hounding any man that took part in the Barrack Uprising, that was changed. Father Jerry was standing on a box in the middle of the room, lighting a small sanctuary lamp that hung by a chain from the ceiling. He stepped down from the box, the lamp flickering on, cutting grotesque shadows in the corner of the room and across the pale drawn face that stood beneath it. Putting his finger to his lips, he motioned Mary to follow him to the little room adjoining the chapel. Closing the door behind him, Father Jerry nodded her to a rickety chair by the table. He sat down in the other chair and, lighting the stub of a

candle, he stuck it in a bottle on the table.

PAT MCGINNIS sat alone in his room; it was quiet there except for the sound of some occasional passerby in the street below. He was another of the weary band of heroes who had missed their bid for freedom last Sunday. Since the surrender their lives had been an endless succession of escapes and hunts. These men of Omeath had become the will'o the wisp. They were fugitives, and they turned themselves into fleeting, elusive mists that the Military could feel, but never grasp.

The sound of a car stopping and muffled voices, coming from the street, burst the bubble of his reverie. It was here; they had come at last. He picked up his gun, crept over to the window, and there, looming out of the fog, stood the figure of a man, leaning against the lamp post. Pat couldn't see his face, the shadow from the peak of his cap cut across it like a black scar.

After a moment the figure came to life; it was fumbling with something on the lamp post. Quite suddenly it seemed as though its entire face was on fire, but when it finally applied the match to the cigarette jutting from between its lips, Pat realized who it was that stood below his window. Two shifting eyes, aglow in the dancing light, darted up the side of the building and slunk nervously to the window where Pat

stood. In an instant the match had gone out, and Pat heard the footsteps and voices again, while a heavy authoritative pounding on the door warned him that he was right—the man by the lamp post was Andy Traynor, and the Military were with him.

Pat was half way down the shadowy depths of the stairway when the door finally burst open and their flashlights caught him. He desperately reached for his pocket—

From the top of the stairs his mother heard a roar that sounded as if it came from inside a cave.

Pat stood there for a moment with a stupefied look on his face. Clutching his chest, he pitched forward, rolling and tumbling down to the bottom of the stairs, lying there motionless.

When Brian arrived home several hours later, his mother was waiting for him at the door. He sensed that something was wrong as soon as he saw her, and, when she motioned him to follow, he hurried after her up the hollow stairway. She told him of all that had happened. How Pat and Andy Traynor had been sniping over in front of Devane's Mills; how the Military had posted a reward of 200L for the capture of the snipers; how Andy Traynor had played the informer on Pat.

When Brian recovered from the first shock of the picture laid before him, he realized that his brother was captured, wounded—perhaps dead.

Brian stopped before Mary's door about an hour later. He hesitated for a moment, debating whether it would be better to tell her now or later. Finishing his cigarette, he finally knocked. As Mary let him in, she noticed that his face was pale and that his eyes were restless and hot.

"Mary, they've got him," he said bitterly.

Got who?"

"Pat. The Black and Tan Military came and got him this evening, while I was away. He tried to get away and they shot him. Maybe he's dead now."

She at once realized that he was nervous; he looked hot, and she could see the blood pounding at his

temples. Not until he turned around, and their eyes met did she recognize the fear that had at first subconsciously gripped her, and finally taken complete possession of her. "Brian you're going after Andy Traynor. Aren't you? You can't; you'll be killed. They'll get you just like they got Tom Cullen. Don't you see, if they got Padaric, they'll try to get you, and, if that happened—well I don't know what I'd do."

Brian didn't look at her; he couldn't. He simply leaned over, and said very softly, "Mary, don't worry." With that he turned and opened the door. Drawing his collar up and buttoning his coat close about him, he went down the stairs, his shadow skipping and jumping on the wall after him. Mary decided to go and see Father Jerry.

THE COLD, driving rain beat down on the solitary figure that slouched on its way through the misty, dark night that enveloped Charles Street.

Brian McGinnis stood beneath a lamp his head hidden in the collar of his great coat. It had been hours since he left Mary, but he still hadn't found Andy. He felt sure he would find him at the White Horse Inn, a favorite rendezvous for Andy and his crowd.

As Brian stood and smoked, he thought of how everything had changed this last week. The Orangemen with their Black and Tans. The confusion. He saw the huge frame of Big Ed Stevens loom before him as Ed stepped between the bayonet of an Orangeman and Father Jerry. Ed died the next evening in Father Jerry's arms. There was Sam Collins, the best shot in the corps, shot in the stomach. He lived for three days, then gave up the struggle. There was Eddie Willet, Mike Brady, and Frank Brennan. Yes, they were dead. They had died hard, like fighting men. And there he stood in the rain.

From out the mist-strewn shadows suddenly came the sloppy, stumbling shuffle of drunken feet. A stumble, a dull thud on the pavement, followed by the slobbery curse of

drunken lips and a brazen peal of feminine laughter.

Yes, it was Andy, and with him was the disreputable Flora. Stumbling past Brian, Andy shoved, more than helped Flora into the grimy little tavern.

Taking one last draw on his cigarette, Brian dropped it at his feet and crushed it in a slow, meditative twist of his foot. Yes, he was certain now; Andy must be made to talk.

Shoving open the door of the small, dingy tavern, Brian stepped inside. The foul odor of stale tobacco smoke and sour gin nauseated him for a moment as he stood trying to peer through the pungent smoke-filled room.

Over on the far side stood a time-ridden bar. The smoky mirror behind it spoke of years of dust and of dim reflections of the past. Several couples were seated at the greasy tables, talking; they didn't even look up as he walked past them to the bar, turning his collar down and shaking the rain from his cap.

"Aye, it's a nasty night to be out," greeted the bartender as Brian approached. "And what'll you have, laddie?"

"Whisky," grunted Brian, holding his head in his hands, elbows on the bar.

"Ain't seen much o' you around here," opened the squint-faced man behind the bar. "What's your name," he asked, shoving the whisky and glass across the bar.

"It could be Smith."

"Oh, I see; then you ain't just out for the air," He put Brian's sixpence into a small box beneath the bar.

Brian's gaze swept the room and rested on Andy and Flora in a shadowy corner, a little apart from the rest.

He walked over to Andy's table. "Evenin' folks, enjoyin' yourselves?"

Yeah, we were."

Brian sat down in the vacant chair, scooting it up close to Andy's.

"Thought I might talk a while with ya."

"How nice of you," Flora snapped tartly.

"Here, take this and go buy yourself a drink," Brian suggested, shoving a half-crown across the table to Flora.

After a questioning glance at Andy and his nod, she rose, picked up the coin, and sauntered over to the bar.

"Well, watcha want?" rasped Andy.

"Oh, nothin' in particular; just talk."

"Say, what are you trying to give me?"

"Bud, I need some money."

"Who doesn't?"

"Yeah, I know, but I need big money; not this small stuff. You looked as if you had some, so I—"

"Yeah, I got lots of it. Here, look at this," whispered Andy in his drunken bravado, "two hundred pounds!"

"Say, you really have got it! How did you get all this money?"

"Oh, that's a long story."

"Gee, I wish I could make some money like that," sighed Brian.

"Oh, it's nothin', really."

"But I'll bet you had a hard time getting that much money."

"No, it was pretty easy," answered Andy, scratching the stubble beard on his chin.

"I bet it was."

"Say, you don't think I ain't truthful, do ya?"

"No, but that much money is hard to get, especially now."

"Listen, if I'd tell you, would you promise not to tell anyone?" questioned Andy as he shot a side-long glance at Brian.

"Sure, sure, I would, but—"

"All right then, smart boy, if you don't believe that I really got this money quick, just you listen. Me and another fellow were down by Devane's Mills in one of those big flats across the railroad track. We had been sniping all through the fight. We sure had a good place. Why them Orangemen and Black and Tans would just rush across that big square in front of the mill and we would pick them off by the dozens. They were right out there in the open. We were getting pretty hot, me and the other fellow; we gave them devils plenty of trouble. We was—"

"Say," interrupted Brian, "what was this fellow's name?"

"Ya mean the fellow with me?"

"Yeah."

"Well, aah, you won't tell no one, will ya?"

"Of course not."

"Well, his name was Padaric McGinnis, but we just called him Pat."

"Oh, I see."

"Now where was I?" asked Andy tossing off another whisky.

"You were just getting pretty hot with the Military."

"Yeah, that's it. Well, you see, they started gettin' huffy about the snipin', so they sets out a reward—two hundred pounds for the capture of the snipers over by Devane's Mills. Well, Jim Burke told me about it, and right then I decided to make me that two hundred pounds. So yesterday after the surrender, I goes over to the Castle and tells 'em. But I don't tell 'em all. I just tell 'em I knew who was doin' the snipin', and that I ain't had nothin' to do with it. You know, I'm kinda smart that way—you know, talking. Well, they made me sign a buncha papers, and then we went and got McGinnis. He tried to argue, but they winged him and took him away. Then they gave me my two hundred pounds. Boy, I sure was lucky. But Flora, she just says I'm smart." Andy rambled on, talking of his brains and of Flora.

Brian gazed at his empty glass, thinking. Andy hadn't told him where they had taken Pat. He still had to find that out.

"Say, where'd they take this fellow, aah, this McGinnis?"

"Oh sorry, son, I can't tell you that. Ya see, I promised them I wouldn't."

"Oh, I see." At this it became clear to Brian that Andy wouldn't tell where Pat was—at least, unless he was forced to. He couldn't do anything in the tavern—He must get Andy outside.

"Boy, you know," slobbered Andy, "that Padaric McGinnis sure was dumb, getting caught like that. Too bad he wasn't smart like me."

"Say, suppose we go out and get a little air; it's kinda stuffy in here," suggested Brian.

"Well, don't mind if I do. It is a little hot. Come on. Flora will wait."

The cool air and the cold rain pricked their faces, as they stepped out into the night air. It seemed a little colder and the rain had died down to an all-night drizzle.

"Well, watcha want?" Andy stammered as they stood under the dim street lamp.

Taking hold of Andy's arm, Brian looked into his bloodshot eyes and almost hissed, "I'm Brian McGinnis, Pat's brother."

Andy's face contorted into that of a panic-stricken animal, his eyes shifting and darting like those of a wolf at bay. Brian applied pressure to the grip on Andy's arm, and his ashen features turned chalkey in quaking fear.

"All right, you got me. Now what are you going to do?" he gasped.

"Do? What would I do to you?"

"Here, here, I got money—two hundred pounds. Here, take it. You can have it. You said you needed money."

"I don't want money. Come on; let's take a walk."

Andy's lips tightened. "No, no, I don't want to go nowhere," he whimpered, his breath coming in hard, unsteady gasps.

Gripping him by the arm, Brian half dragged, half pulled the slipping, stumbling Andy down the block and a half to the river and over to the Mount Street bridge.

When they reached the bridge, Brian shoved Andy up against one of the stone supports. It was dark there and he knew he wouldn't be disturbed. Andy felt the cold hard stone against his back, and as he rubbed his hand across its uneven surface its cold dampness sent fresh chills of terror prickling up his spine. As the repentant sinner before his judge, thoughts of self-consolation were racing through his mind. He hadn't meant Pat any harm, he told himself. He just wanted money, needed it badly like every one else. He saw his chance for an easy two hundred pounds and he took it. That was all. What was wrong with that? Yes—but that didn't matter; here he was, and Brian, the brother of the man he had

betrayed, standing before him, demanding something he dared not give.

Brian stood looking at Andy, his breath coming from his lungs in short, quick jerks, and the veins in his face swelling in the pent-up passion that surged through them. He felt as if he—no, he must get hold of himself; he must keep cool. In an effort to control himself he demanded, "Where's my brother? What did they do with him?"

"I can't tell ya; they won't let me," Andy half screamed in an attempt to stave off what he knew must come.

"Listen, Andy, I don't want any of that. You know what I want, and I'll kill you if you don't tell me." Andy didn't answer; he just stood, looking at Brian, his mouth twitching nervously.

Brian's hand lashed out and his open palm cut Andy across the face twice. "Now Andy, tell me what they've done with my brother, before I kill you."

Torn between the two fears of immediate death and death at the hands of the Military, Andy chose the one of less immediate danger. "They took him to the . . . Castle."

Brian relaxed his grip on him, and in a drunken stupor Andy slumped down against the stone support. Glancing at the semi-conscious figure, Brian left him to whatever his fate might be. At any rate, the river patrol would find him in the morning. When Brian reached his rooms Father Jerry was there waiting for him.

WHEN THE cold drizzle ceased, the cool, clear moon came out of its hiding, diffusing its soft light among the few wisps of clouds that remained from the storm. The air was clear and fresh and the wind blew soft breaths over the sleeping city. The street lamps twinkled merrily in their brilliant prisons of carbon and electricity. And yet, for all this, the city was still dark, and light was yet to come.

Father Jerry stepped out into the chilled night air that precedes a dawn. He pulled his collar up and started down Charles Street toward

Exchequer Square and thence over to O'Connell Street. As he walked along the shadow-cast walks, drops of rain, dripping from the buildings, splashed on the pavement and sprinkled his mud spattered trench coat.

He smiled inwardly at the sight he must be, in the grimy trench coat that hung loosely about him; he pulled the beak of his dirty black leather cap over his eyes, as if to hide any visible sign of his inward merriment. Walking along, his head hunched down between his shoulders, the events of this strange night ran through his tired mind, disturbing him from the plans he knew he must be making.

Yes, it was strange: Mary coming to him on such a night as this and telling him such a story. He had promised her to save Brian from the Military and yet remain loyal in his duty toward Pat. It was lucky that he had gone to Brian's rooms and stayed there, hoping and praying that he would come soon.

At first Brian didn't want to tell him where they had taken Pat, but in the argument that followed Father Jerry convinced him that he must be the one, (Father Jerry,) to go to the Castle to try to save Pat. If Brian were captured, it would break Mary's heart, and probably kill his mother. It was with this that Father Jerry hoped to convince Brian. And besides, Father Jerry could, if he got to him, give Pat the consolation of a priest, and as Father Jerry said, he would probably be needing it.

Brian was firm at first, but when Father Jerry finally convinced him, he did all he could to help. It was Brian who had struck on the plan of dressing him as a no-account drunk. It was a good disguise, but it wouldn't get him into the Castle. He must hurry, for, as Pat was wounded, he might die at any time, and he ought to have a priest. He was glad now that he had hidden his stole beneath his trench coat. He always carried the holy oils concealed in his clothing.

Coming to O'Connell Street, Father Jerry assumed the role he was supposed to play. Swinging along, he stumbled the remaining two

blocks to the Castle. Crossing the street, he stood, swaying, as he clung to the lamp post before the darkened shops that lined the streets. The guard across the street at the Castle gate was eyeing him, wondering what he was up to.

Suddenly the guard saw the "drunk," stooping down, pick up a loosened cobble from the street and fling it with a mad peal of laughter into the plate glass window of the bakery across from the Castle. Immediately the drunk burst into the loud strains of a revolutionary song, jumping and capering as he shouted more than sang the forbidden tune. Leaving his post, the startled sentry rushed over: "Say, what are you trying to do over here, buddy?"

"What's it to ya, black-livered hound?"

"Just this much, you stinkin' rebel." The guard raised the butt of his rifle, bringing it crashing down on Father Jerry's head. There was a thick heavy thud, and Father Jerry crashed to the wet pavement, unconscious.

When he awoke, he found himself in one of the small, ill-smelling cells of the Castle. He was conscious of a dull, throbbing pain thumping through his head. As his thoughts finally cleared, he realized that his plan had worked; the guard had taken him into the Castle. Lying there, waiting for his strength to come back, the potency of the risk he was taking dawned on him.

If he were discovered, it would mean swift and certain death. He was wanted by the Military as a spy, and he knew that they would do anything to get him. He must be very careful now that he was within their grasp . . . Helping Pat depended on him. He must proceed cautiously if he was to get to him.

Rising slowly, he groped his way slowly over to the cell door, opening the little steel window at the top. With an effort, Father Jerry began yelling for the guard. Once, twice, three times, but no answer. Finally, in desperation he yelled, "Guard, I got a message for McGinnis; it's from Andy Traynor. I want to see him."

He heard a slight rustle down the corridor and then the long uneven

shuffle of the guard stumbling down the stairs and along the dimly lighted passageway to Father Jerry's cell.

"I wanta see McGinnis; I gotta message for him."

"Well he isn't in any fit condition for the likes of you to be see'n. He'll be dy'n about any time now. The Doc said he was as good as dead when they brought him in.—Say, what is that message anyhow," demanded the guard.

"You see,"—Father Jerry's mind was racing—"I've got a message for him; it's from his mother."

"Oh, from his mother." The ring in the guards voice was a straw in a torrent, and Father Jerry grabbed for it.

"Yea, sure, you wouldn't let the kid die without hear'n from his old lady, would you? She asked me to tell him personal."

"Well I don't know; he's dy'n, and—oh well, I guess it won't hurt none. Come on; hurry up, I ain't got all night," he said, opening the door.

As Father Jerry stepped into the passageway, the guard whispered, pointing, "Go down that way, and don't make no noise; if the night sergeant hears me, I'll get docked for this."

When they reached Pat's cell, the guard opened the door and stepped aside, saying, "Hurry up, and don't try no funny stuff. I'm stayin' right here outside the door."

"All right," replied Father Jerry, stepping through the door and down the low step into the cell.

The door banged shut behind him, and Father Jerry was in the cell, alone, with Padaric.

Pat was lying on a cot over on the far side of the room. The small candle on the table, the only light in the room, flickered dizzily as Father Jerry picked it up and carried it over to the cot, setting it down on the chair beside him. Pat was lying on his side, face to the wall. Father Jerry rolled him over and whispered softly, "Pat—Pat."

No answer came from the fallow, drawn face, only the long labored breathing. Again Father Jerry whispered, gently shaking him, "Pat—Pat, it's me, Father Jerry."

His pallid lips quivered as he opened his eyes. Pat opened his eyes, but all they held was a blank, vacant stare. Soon they were accustomed to the light and, as Father Jerry bent near, Pat realized who it was.

Hardly able to believe that what he saw was true, Pat gazed on, ex-

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VICTORY AT MIDWAY ISLE

(June 4th, 5th, 6th, 1942)

*In the silence of the gloom,
Within the spanning ocean,
Midway Island has a tomb
For Nippon's war devotion.*

*There upon the restless sea,
No challenge is remaining;
Only echoes of the Free,
Of Heroes' love proclaiming.*

*Many modern battleships,
With aircraft-tenders aiding,
Scouting pilots' routine trips
Detected Foe's parading.*

*Soon the message radioed,
The battle orders given:
Death, destruction is bestowed,
And off the remnant driven!*

C.J.K.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

pecting this vision to be snatched from him at any moment. When Father Jerry spoke again, a faint smile broke the seal of his lips as he gasped, "Father Jerry, thank God you've come."

Father Jerry leaned over, close to him. "Pat—Pat, listen, we haven't much time. The guard will be back in a moment. Do you want to go to Confession?"

During the next few moments Father Jerry worked in breathless silence. He heard Pat's Confession and had just finished anointing him when the squeaking door swung open and the voice from outside

called in, "Hey, hurry up, I ain't takin' no more chances with you."

"Wait a minute, will ya? I think the young fool has died on me."

The guard stepped inside curiously eyeing the man on the cot. "It's about time the rotter turned his heels up. Come on; let's get out of here. I don't want no part in this."

"All right," said Father Jerry, getting up, giving one long glance at the figure on the cot. All sign of his agony had been erased by death; he appeared to be sleeping, his face calm and undisturbed, while the candle in Father Jerry's hand flickered solemnly as if to keep watch over the man who had died for his faith and Ireland.

Turning, Father Jerry and the guard started for the door. As they came to the small step at the door, Father Jerry took one last look at the figure on the cot. "Come on; let's go," rasped the guard, giving Father Jerry a slight shove. In trying to keep his balance, Father Jerry stumbled over the step and went sprawling on the floor. The guard, grabbing him by the shoulder, roughly dragged him to his feet. As the guard pulled him up, the shoulder of Father Jerry's ragged coat tore. Father Jerry grabbed at the rip to cover it, but he was too late. The guard snatched at it, tearing the cloth away. He had seen the hidden stole. Father Jerry was discovered.

A COLD steely dawn was just breaking in the East, and the morning air felt fresh and cool on his cheeks, as he walked across the courtyard, the men standing in silent rows watching him. The officer, after blindfolding him, stepped back and raised his arm as a signal for the men to prepare to fire.

At the very moment he brought it down Father Jerry's mind returned to the little sanctuary lamp he had been lighting that morning. A gush of wind rushed through the open window in his chapel and puffed at the sanctuary lamp that stood in solitary vigil before the Blessed Sacrament. The flame struggled dizzily, fluttering; the unsteady light flickered for a moment and went out—the room was dark.

The Child That Does Not Play

L. E. Eubanks

I AM SURE that readers of this magazine know play to be natural and necessary for children, as well as for the young of all animals. We know that disinclination to physical activity in a youngster is abnormal, even dangerous to his best interests; but just how to correct the condition is sometimes a knotty problem.

First, the cause must be found. Most frequently it lies in some defect of health, and the trouble may be simple of correction; constipation, for instance, with its stupefying effects on the energies. On the other hand, the physical cause may be more subtle, lying in some of the special senses. Visional or aural defects may make a child timid about playing.

"My child is physically sound and healthy," said one mother, "but just seems too backward to play with other children, especially in competitive games."

Investigation disclosed that this child had to play with older ones and was invariably defeated. "Transplanted" among little fellows of his own age and younger, he developed normal initiative and aggressiveness. Avoid the risk of letting older children crush your youngster's courage; see to it that at least a reasonable percentage of his early efforts are successful; for you are laying the foundation of self-confidence.

Some children are over-serious, too old for their years, and a disinclination to play arising from this cause is the hardest to cure. Instances of this attitude's being "natural" in a child under ten or twelve years of age are very rare. I know, parents frequently say that it is natural, but in most cases they themselves are to blame—perhaps unknowingly. They have not encouraged the child to play; and further, they have given him the wrong perspective by talking too much "older stuff" to him or in his presence.

A certain twelve-year old boy is pale, weak and anemic, with no desire whatever to play. He is a book-worm, and talks seriously of the waste of time in sports. His aim is an education, the quickest

possible graduation, then a business career and plenty of money. The father's lectures are directly responsible; they and the joint slogan of father and mother: "Economy; hurry and get something; we are growing old."

We have to remember, too, that many recreations are not active enough to fill the child's needs for exercise. Motion pictures, fine though they are in many respects, are robbing many youngsters of a healthful play period outdoors. In this effect, they are just as injurious as reading after school hours—when mental relaxation and physical play are due.

Doubtless the best of all ways to overcome in your child an indifference to play is to play with him yourself. Don't answer "Nonsense." It's not only feasible but one of the wisest things any parent can do—both for the youngster and the "oldest." Adult dignity would explain many unhealthful and unhappy lives. This is being more widely recognized of recent years, as proved by the constantly growing percentage of adults at playfields. The play spirit will help to keep you young both physically and mentally, will add years to your life and life to your years.

But this article deals with the child's interests. Your association in his play makes success virtually certain; your protection, guidance and instruction will smooth away his every obstacle. You can get him interested when possibly no one else could, and for your sake he will try to learn. Your version will be his version; since you appear to deem this thing worth while, fine, etc., he will think so.

And even better than the physical rewards, there develops that finest of relations, chumship between parent and child. As a play pal, you will understand your boy or girl with particular thoroughness, know his strong points and his weaknesses, every peculiarity. And the confidence built on association in play will prompt him to bring to you those vexing problems so many young people wrestle alone—to their sorrow. I am reminded of an excellent slogan for home use: "The members of a family that play together, stay together."



The Jester's Prayer

It was in late November, 1226, that the Court Jester of Anresson announced to his lord that the ambitious and much feared Hugh of Valmondroids was at the castle gates, ready to appropriate the castle, to put to death the Lord Jean, and to banish his daughter and sole heir, Raimonde. The faithful Jester, who had prayed that Raimonde's would be an unusual life—one in which she would bring peace and beauty into the lives of others—smuggled the child out of the castle and took her to a convent of nuns at Des Fleurs. A mishap in their flight resulted in a lapse of memory for Raimonde, and try as she would, she could not recall any of the circumstances of her early life. When a band of traveling troubadours stopped to beg bread at the convent gate, Raimonde, disguised as a baker's boy, joined them. She failed to recognize Favaric, her father's jester, in the group. Unknown to Raimonde the troubadours were on the way to her father's castle of Valmondroids for the wedding of Hugh's twin sister Yvonne. After the wedding Raimonde at Hugh's request remained behind while the other troubadours journeyed on to Brittany with Robert de Verlay.

CHAPTER VII

ARLETTE

(Continued)

RAIMONDE did not stir until sometime after Arlette had dressed the wound. Then her eyelids fluttered for a moment. The watcher lifted her head to place pillows beneath it, so that she might rest more easily. Then Raimonde opened her eyes wide, but closed them again without apparently seeing or recognizing her surroundings.

Her breathing became audible. Arlette lifted the wine to her lips again, and she was no longer tense, but allowed the liquid to pass down her throat, swallowing normally.

Arlette continued to chafe the cold hands and feet, forcing the blood to move through the veins. She knew the value of wise and tender care kept up without tiring, for she had nursed many a wound inflicted by hot-headed Latin knights. More than one duel had been fought within the castle walls of Valmondroids unheard of by the world outside.

Footsteps sounded on the stairs, slow and weary. Then Hugh appeared in the doorway.

"Go now, Arlette, and rest. I will watch the while."

Arlette left reluctantly. But she knew that the tension and excitement of the day had left her in sore need of at least a short rest. There was a weary sag to her shoulders as she turned away.

When Raimonde finally regained consciousness the sun had set, and grey twilight seeped through the high windows. A wandering breeze blew the tapestries of the great carved bed. Shadows lurked in the corners of the silent room.

Hugh sat by the bed, a still shape that watched Raimonde with sombre eyes which did not waver when she looked at him in silent questioning. She lay there among the covers, helpless as a wounded bird awaiting its doom at the hand of its tormentor. Her piteous eyes and wordless pleading went straight to Hugh's heart, and he spoke with deep affection and kindness.

"Have no fear, poor child. Thy secret is known only to my cousin Arlette and to me . . . and, perhaps to one other whom thou hast seen fit to tell."

As he said this, Hugh's fingers touched the ring at his belt.

"No word of this shall pass that door," he continued. "When thy wound is healed thou canst demand anything of me that may be in my power to grant thee; but for thy brave heart and quick wit I would be lying there in thy place, or dead."

In reality Raimonde heard only the murmur of his voice. She was wondering at her own thoughts. The moment so long hoped for and so often prayed

for, had come with the dagger thrust and the shock of the fall. The long dormant faculty of memory had awakened. All the lost happenings of childhood—of Anresson, her father, her aunt Lenore, the Jester—were churning in her mind.

As Hugh finished speaking someone knocked. He swung the latch aside and opened the great door. It was merely a squire come to announce the evening meal. After delivering the message hastily, he added:

"Sire, the mad girl is chained in the west dungeon and the question of her punishment will be decided at your pleasure. Failing in her attempt on your life, she now speaks of killing Oscar. He has been with her the past hour trying to quiet her and bring her to see reason. Only he cannot see that she is deranged. Had she not been chained Oscar would now be bald and eyeless. Her hands are like hawk's talons."

"Enough, Louis," said Hugh. "Tomorrow the matter will be decided. Send the poor creature a bowl of broth and some food. I will come to meat when *Damoiselle Arlette* returns."

Hugh dismissed the squire and returned to his vigil beside *Raimonde*. She tried to move, and finally spoke in a soft, soft voice.

"I beg of you, Sire, not to hurt the poor girl. I heard Louis speak of her punishment. When I am stronger I will tell you many things."

With a sigh of weariness *Raimonde* closed her eyes and seemed to lose consciousness again. Hugh began to chafe her hands, but when she seemed rather to be resting he went to a low stool by a table at the foot of the bed, and seated himself where he could watch her and yet not disturb her.

His thoughts had become oddly upset in the past hour. New problems of pride and conscience confronted him that were far from his taste and comfort. The traditions of his age, his surroundings since birth, had made him selfish, and callous to the suffering of others. Ambition had become his master, and he cared little for human affection if it stood in the way of his desires for power and military fame. He resented this new great interest in *Raimonde's* destiny. He got up and walked to the window and read again the inscription on the locket which he had taken from around the troubadour's neck: "To my beloved Sir Martin *Dieudonne*."

He returned quickly as *Arlette* came to the door, followed by two serving maids, carrying cushions and a tray holding food and broth. He left without a word.

The noise awakened *Raimonde*. She watched *Arlette* arrange the food; and even tried to swal-

low some of the broth to please her. But food was out of the question.

The days and nights that followed were painful and irksome, but *Arlette* was untiring in her watchful care. The wound remained clear and healthy and soon began to heal. After a week *Raimonde* asked to be carried to the *Goblin Tower Room*. She feared that Hugh might resent her presence in his quarters.

Life in the castle continued untroubled, and casual, even boring. None save Hugh and *Arlette* were aware of *Raimonde's* secret. No curious eyes tried to discover the reason for the enforced solitude of the troubadour. If any gave it a thought they ascribed it to *Damoiselle Arlette's* whim to care for a new favorite.

Hugh came to the tower room occasionally, but his visits were short and always when *Arlette* was there. *Arlette* brought messages from everyone in the castle, wishing *Raimonde* a quick recovery. They all missed the troubadour, especially the romantically-minded *damoiselles* who felt that life was not worth living without *his* songs and tales.

Arlette had thought *Raimonde* delightful in her boyish disguise. Now, since the revelation of her real identity she had grown to love her with a real intensity. On the afternoon when she was to leave on her delayed visit to *Yvonne*, *Arlette* came to the tower with an armful of lovely bright-hued costumes, of heavy silks and velvets.

"*Raimonde*," she said wistfully, "will you not accept one of my choicest garments, to wear while you are alone? You are so fair that I should like to see you in a maiden's costume suited to your youth and beauty. No prying eyes will watch us here. See, I have a delicate blue, pointed in silver; I wore it but once, the day of *Yvonne's* departure."

She held the gown out at full length, watching to see *Raimonde's* reaction to her friendly offer. The girl took the gown and held it to her shoulders. Her eyes grew bright with wonder as she looked into the polished steel mirror which *Arlette* had brought to the tower. Then turning away she fingered the embroidered silk almost reverently.

"It is beautiful," she said softly, "the color of the sky at dawn!"

"Won't you please wear it? Just for the coming hour? You must accustom yourself to such clothes, *Raimonde*. Ere long you will reach womanhood and will needs have to discard doublet and hose."

Raimonde's smile vanished suddenly at *Arlette's* words. With trembling hands she slowly folded the gown and laid it on the bed.

"I dare not, *Arlette*. Were I but once to wear a thing so fair and beautiful my courage might

leave me. I must be content with men's attire for sometime longer. Our ways are far apart, dear Arlette. But lately my heart sometimes aches for the beauty and safety of thy life. But I am nameless to all here in the castle, and dependent on a band of troubadours. It may be that I can never again travel, as a girl, in the company of these singing men. And yet, only in them do I see a gleam of hope. . . . Please do not ask me to explain now, dear Lady. I am not yet strong enough to talk more."

Raimonde turned away as if to escape from Arlette's searching eyes. With quick, understanding sympathy the Lady hastened to the girl's side and placed a protecting arm about her shoulders.

"Forgive me, Raimonde. I would not make thee unhappy. I did not think thou wouldst find happiness in a gown such as other damoiselles wear. We shall keep thy secret, Hugh and I. Not even to Yvonne will I tell it. Hugh will grant thee any desire of thy heart, for having saved his life. I must go to Yvonne. My visit will not be long. Promise me that I shall find thee here at my return. Valmondroid would be too dreary without its sweetest-ringing troubadour."

Raimonde was deeply touched at Arlette's praise. She clasped the great Lady's hand.

"Do not fear for me, Arlette. Too long already hast thou delayed thy journey because of my illness. I shall be happy here, though lonely without thee. Once my strength returns I will again sing and play the troubadour until Favarc returns for me. What then, I know not."

The mention of Favarc brought to Raimonde again the memories of Anresson and her childhood and the flight to the convent. She dropped her eyes cautiously. Again she had been on the point of revealing everything to this gracious Lady; and again some instinct warned her to wait until she talked to Favarc.

Arlette looked at her curiously. "Is there something wrong, Raimonde? So often lately dost thou seem a thousand leagues away, as at this moment."

"Thou dost read my mind well, dear friend," answered Raimonde. "I know not if it be a thousand leagues, but I am often far from here, and even from thee. And but a moment since I was taking such a journey."

"Raimonde," said Arlette gravely, "there is something I have long had a mind to ask thee, but I feared to upset thee. But I simply cannot leave until I know."

Raimonde's heart sank. She trembled at the very thought of hurting this friend who had been so kind. Yet she had made up her mind not to reveal

her secret. She did not answer.

"It is about my ring," said Arlette hesitantly.

Raimonde heaved a sigh of relief. The danger was past; she had completely forgotten the ring. Then a new anxiety arose. Arlette had not stopped speaking.

"Ever since that fatal day I have been almost frantic about it. I have asked everyone if they had found it, hoping it was only lost. I dared not speak to Hugh, as you know. But surely if he had taken it from thee he would have spoken of it."

"How selfish I have been, Arlette," cried Raimonde. "I had completely forgotten it, though I knew well how much it meant to thee. How canst thou ever forgive me? . . . Yet now I know not what to say! Lord Hugh said nothing to me about the ring."

"There is nothing to forgive, Raimonde. Only I would not have Lord Hugh know of the ring. Only last night he repeated to Sir Martin that he depended on it that they were both free from attachments. He said he wanted only men who had no love ties that would make them wish to return to France until they had completed their conquests in the south."

Raimonde forgot the ring at the mention of conquests.

"But what right has he to these lands in the south?" she cried. "What reason can he have to conquer them, except his own selfishness and arrogance?"

The young troubadour stopped suddenly. It came to her that Arlette was not in sympathy with her ideas of conquest and war. She had been brought up amidst the noise and clash of arms. She knew no men of peace but men of the Church, whom other men looked down upon. She feared war only in so far as it affected her. Her next words proved it.

"Sir Martin says that Hugh hath ambitions to rule the world," she said without emotion. "His men admire and worship him on that very account. But I do not worry about that. I fear his wrath when it is turned on me. Did he but know Martin's love for me he would harry my beloved knight beyond endurance. So please help me, Raimonde. If, while I am away, the ring does come to light, say not that it belongs to me. The inscription will not betray me; I was blessed with an ounce of foresight on that. As yet thou hast seen only minor bursts of Hugh's wrath. It is something to keep away from, let me assure you. I fear him greatly, and so does Yvonne, with all her love for him."

"I will gladly do anything for thee, Arlette," answered the troubadour, "for thou hast been a

loyal friend to me; "but I do feel that thou art disturbed beyond reason. Had not this ring been irrevocably lost it would surely have come to light ere now. Go on thy journey and have a joyous time with Yvonne, and think no more of the ring."

The girl's face suddenly lighted up and she spoke as from some interior exaltation.

"Sir Martin Dieudonne will still be here at thy homecoming. Thy cousin will have changed, and he will no longer desire to conquer the world by force and aggression. The light of God doth far outshine all other forces!"

"I keep trying to tell myself that very thing. In fact, Raimonde, often have I suggested to Martin that he might, seemingly by accident, but of a truth by plan get a bullet in his leg, to prevent him from accompanying Hugh this fall. Then while Hugh is off on his conquests Martin and I could get married peacefully."

The Damoiselle Arlette dropped her voice to a whisper as she confided this thought to Raimonde, lest the very walls might convey her secret to the warlike Hugh.

With great pity Raimonde smiled and said:

"Thou hast heard but little of my life, for, of a truth, before I was wounded I could remember little to tell. But before coming here, in fact, before I joined the troubadours, I lived in a cloister. And one of the talented Sisters there often said to me, 'Raimonde, what this world needs greatly is a woman's hand. Surely, women would not be so anxious to send to their graves the sons to whom they gave life through such suffering.'"

Arlette rose to go. The time was growing short. Her party was waiting for her even then. She took Raimonde in her arms and kissed her tenderly on either cheek.

"Thou art indeed a strange child," she said, "and I do love thee well. Take good care of both Martin and Hugh while I am gone. Promise me but this one thing. If thou dost find the ring, give it to my beloved Knight for me. He knows naught of it. If it be not found ere I return, then I will give Bertrand, the silversmith the remaining sapphires, and he will fashion me another ring exactly the counterpart of the lost one. This for my beloved Dieudonne."

Thus saying, Arlette ran from the room and down the narrow stairs from the Goblin Tower, as if afraid to trust herself to say more.

Raimonde went to the window and looked out. Although she felt Arlette's going deeply, she had little time to brood. Each moment now brought to her mind incidents and people, as from a faded tapestry freshly restored. She knew that in time she would find them fitted into their right place

in the pattern of her life.

It was difficult for Raimonde to watch the travellers depart amidst much blowing of horns and waving of banners. The girl realized that her one close friend at the castle had left her, and she was again an exile among people who really knew nothing about her. Except for Hugh she was just a boy troubadour from whom they demanded much. They were even now asking when the lad Raimonde would be well enough to rehearse them in song, and to help with the festivities which always took place at Valmondroids in midsummer.

Raimonde watched until the gay banners, flags, horses and vans looked like a winding magic carpet, slowly becoming a part of the miles of barley-blanketed meadows which stretched on and on until it blended in the horizon beyond.

More to make herself forget the loneliness she now felt than because she was really interested in the dress, Raimonde took up the beautiful brocade Arlette had left for her, and let the plain, loose-fitting garment she was wearing drop to the floor. Over her white shoulders she slipped the flowing, silken raiment. It was fitted in at the waist with a silver cord, which she fastened. Rather cautiously the troubadour patted and arranged the neck, sleeves, and full skirt. As her image was reflected in the steel mirror, Raimonde was amazed to see herself appear so totally different than when clad in doublet and hose. She seemed so tiny and not the same person. Even her features seemed smaller. For a long time she stood there, singing, reciting and making little bows to herself, as the ladies were wont to do when passing one another at Court.

Raimonde wondered whether Hugh would like to see her in this attire. She had a great desire to run through the long halls to his apartment, and ask him if he liked her the way she looked. As a troubadour she had been so free and natural with him. Now she could only wonder about him. If only he would treat her like a human being. It seemed to her that since he knew she was a girl he treated her like a puppet. She supposed that in reality he was greatly disappointed to find her a woman; for after all his only real interest in life was warfare and fighting. His only previous thought of her had been to make a warrior of her. She wondered why it was that she so despised war and every thought of it. Other people at the castle, and even the troubadours, did not feel as she did; only Favaric and the Wise One. How foolish she was to imagine that she could ever change Hugh! Right now he probably never gave her a thought. Yet the day was coming when he would have to; for when Favaric returned Hugh must learn all about her.

(To be continued)

Johann Gregor Mendel

J. Duffy Hancock, B.C., M.D., F.A.C.S.

MANY men achieve desired and lasting prominence while they are still alive to enjoy it; others, less deserving, may have that same pleasure if they are fortunate enough to die at the right time before the shallowness of their pretensions is realized; some few leave accomplishments that are gradually appreciated as time "separates the wheat from the chaff"; but rarely does a man die in obscurity and yet, in the very next generation, have his name elevated among the immortals and his fame constantly increased. Such a man was Johann Gregor Mendel, promulgator of the Mendelian Law of Inheritance and Abbot of the Augustinian Monastery of St. Thomas at Brunn.

My school-day interest in this man was revived and intensified by reading Hugo Iltis's "Life of Mendel" to which I am indebted for much of the biographical data that follows.

THE YOUTH AND STUDENT

A hundred years bring many changes—especially in the map of Europe. One reads that Mendel was born in Heinzendorf bei Odrau in Austrian Silesia. To find his birthplace one must look in the north-eastern corner of Moravia in that part of former Czechoslovakia at whose border the boundaries of Germany and Poland met.

On July 20, 1822, when Johann Mendel was born, the villagers little realized the contribution their new neighbor would make to that age of scientific progress guided by Asa Gray in America, Pasteur in France, Lister in Scotland, Darwin in England, Helmholtz and Kach in Germany and Mendel in Austria—a partial list of the outstanding lights of a new scientific age.

Mendel was the second of three children; the two others were girls. He was christened simply "Johann"—the additional name of "Gregor" being taken when he became a member of the Augustinian order. His parents were "free-men" but peasants, his father being required to work three days of each week for the neighboring Noble. From early childhood, both on the farm and at school, he was interested in natural science and improved methods of cultivation.

After preliminary education in the local village school, Mendel matriculated, at the age of 11 into a higher school at Leipnik and later was admitted to the Troppeau High School. There the headmaster was Pater Ferdinand Schaumann, an Augu-

stinian monk from the monastery at Altbrunn. Due to lack of finances it was with great difficulty that Mendel was able to complete the course. He had to work his way through school and knew what it was to be hungry. His eagerness for more knowledge led him to apply unsuccessfully, for a position as private tutor in Olmutz, where he hoped to attend the Philosophical Institute. That he was finally able to enter was due to the fact that his father, now ailing, deeded the farm to a son-in-law with a proviso that some contribution was to be made towards Mendel's maintenance while a student. Even that was insufficient, and worry over the situation resulted in a protracted sick spell for Mendel. At this time his younger sister, Theresia, came to his aid by renouncing her share of the family estate and thus enabled him to resume and complete his studies at the Philosophical Institute.

On October 9, 1843, he was admitted as a novice at the Koninginkloster.

THE TEACHER AND PRIEST

Fortunately for Mendel, the Monastery of St. Thomas (Koninginkloster) at Brunn (Altbrunn) was one of the chief centers of the spiritual and intellectual life of the country. Almost immediately Mendel began to devote his spare time to the study of the small botanical and mineralogical collection at the monastery. At the end of his novitiate, he began the four year theological course embracing ecclesiastical history, archeology, and law, dogmatics, moral theology, pastoral divinity, methodology of elementary school education, Hebrew, Greek, Syriac, and Arabic languages, agriculture, and other subjects. His work, diligence and behavior always were excellent and by special dispensation he was ordained a priest at the age of 25—before he was quite through with his studies. This dispensation was granted since there was an unusual shortage of priests at the monastery at that time.

For a few months after his graduation Mendel was an assistant parish priest. This work, however, was distasteful to him because of his timid, sensitive nature, which made visits to those ill and in pain an ordeal which seemed to upset him nervously. For that reason he welcomed an appointment to teach in the high school at Znaim. Since he had not attended a university or passed a teachers' examination, his position was that of a deputy

or "supply" teacher. In 1850, without benefit of university training, he failed the examination in Vienna for a teacher's license. In 1851 he substituted for a few months at the Brunn Technical School. Upon his release from this position he attended the Vienna University from 1851 to 1853, studying physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, mathematics, and the practical use of the microscope.

In 1854 Mendel was appointed "supply" teacher at the Brunn Modern School and taught there for the fourteen years until he was elected abbot. As a teacher of zoology, botany, and physics he was not only competent but also gentle, kind and cordial. He seldom allowed a student to fail—coaching those who needed it without asking any special fee. He was fond of all animals except snakes, which he feared. Among his pets were a fox, hedgehog, birds and mice. In speaking of his breeding experiments, he used plain terms to describe matters of sex and when once some of the pupils tittered said, "Don't be stupid; These are natural things"—a rather liberal attitude at that time. In 1856, again he tried the teacher's examination, he was, at any rate, unsuccessful and continued from then on as a "supply" teacher although all his colleagues were fully accredited.

While there are no hints that he was ever insubordinate, dissatisfied or negligent in his religious duties, he was not prominent as a priest. His chief interests, evidently, were scientific. He enjoyed teaching and, during those happy days, worked out his contribution to the scientific world. However, much of his success was probably made easier by the freedom from financial worry and the time for contemplation afforded by his monastic life.

THE SCIENTIST AND DISCOVERER

From early childhood Mendel had been interested in gardening. Later, as priest and teacher, he began some haphazard work in hybridization and had even for a while bred mice in his room. His main interests, however, were always botanical rather than zoological, and if he kept any records of his experiments with mice they have been lost.

Although he cared nothing for fiction, Mendel read extensively in many fields of science; in the monastery library there are still many of his books with notations and comments in his handwriting. It is foolish to say that Mendel had no fore-runners, for he did, as have nearly all discoverers. Although their ground work was based on insecure foundations, probably they influenced and certainly inspired him in his research. References in his writings show both knowledge and acknowledgement of the work of others but it conclusively can be demon-

strated that he was the first to carry out the definitely planned experiments and to deduce scientifically those facts which are basis of his law.

For several years before 1856, Mendel had made rather extensive observations on hybrids of flowers as well as of the common, edible, garden pea; it was probably chance discoveries which, in that year (when he was but 34), led him to begin his careful experimentation. This continued for about seven years; two years after that, in February, 1865, his history-making paper, "Experiments in Plant-Hybridization," was presented before the Brunn Society for the Study of Natural Science.

In his attempt to study the law of hybrids, Mendel's methods differed from those of his predecessors in several ways. Instead of selecting species or varieties that differed in many qualities he chose those differing only in respect to one or a few characters. In addition to observing only the various characters presented by the hybrids, as others had done, he paid especial attention to the numerical ratios presented by the hybrids. This inclusion of *mathematics* with botany was an entirely new departure. His other original experimental procedure was the individualization of plants and their seeds. He regulated the planting and fertilization of each plant and studied each generation of hybrids separately rather than considering the whole of the offspring as a great chaos.

After careful consideration of the pea, Mendel decided to ignore characters that were rather quantitative in nature and to concentrate on those which were qualitative and paired. The seven contrasting pairs of characters selected were: 1, the shape of the pea (round or wrinkled); 2, the difference in the color of the cotyledons (yellow or green); 3, the tint of the seed coat (white or else gray, grayish brown, or buff with violet spots); 4, the difference in the shape of the ripe pods (simply curved or deeply constricted between the seeds); 5, the difference in tint of the unripe pods (green or yellow); 6, the difference in the position of the flowers (axial or terminal); and 7, the difference in the stature of the plants (tall or dwarf). Consideration of these factors by use of the methods just described gave Mendel the information upon which his deductions were based. An eighth character, the blooming season, later was studied and fairly well elaborated, but this was after the publication of his important monograph. It must be remembered, too, that these pairs of divergent qualities may be intermingled; for example, to use a very elementary illustration, tall or dwarf plants may have green or yellow pods, etc.

A detailed description of Mendel's experiments

probably would be boresome to the reader—a complete analysis and explanation difficult for me. Therefore, let us consider only a few simple findings. If a tall race of peas is crossed with a short race, all the progeny in the *first* filial generation are tall. This is because tallness is “dominant” to shortness which is “recessive.” When these tall hybrids are self-fertilized, as is normal with the pea, their offspring, the *second* filial generation, will be partly tall and partly short, in the proportion of three tall and one short. The quality of shortness, it is apparent then, was not lost or blended but was only suppressed for the time being and the offspring of this short plant, self-fertilized, will all be short. The offspring of the tall plants will, however, vary. One tall plant will breed true as did the short one and all its offspring will be tall. The offspring of the other two tall plants will be partly tall and partly short in the proportion of three tall to one short. This illustrates Mendel’s first fundamental, that *segregation* rather than *blending* occurs when hybrids are formed.

The other law, that there is an independent assortment of different pairs of qualities, can be shown in its simplest form when individuals with two pairs of contrasted characters, each exhibiting complete “dominance,” are crossed, all types will be produced in the *second* filial generation. These represent the original distribution of the characters and the two possible recombinations between them. Since each type, considered separately, will appear in a 3:1 ratio in this *second* filial generation, the four will be brought together in a combination of two such ratios: that is, 9:3:3:1. Of these sixteen types, nine will contain one member of each dominant pair, three will be without one dominant type, and three without the other, while one will have all its factors “recessive”; and further, of these sixteen plants, one-fourth (composed of one member of each of the

four types) will breed true. Contrasting this dihybrid with the previously mentioned monohybrid (tall and short only), we find of the sixteen combinations only nine distinct forms as compared with four combinations with three forms. Mendel showed that, in more complicated hybrids, the number of combinations would always be evidenced in a smaller number of forms which could be expressed as 3 to the *n*th power, *n* being the number

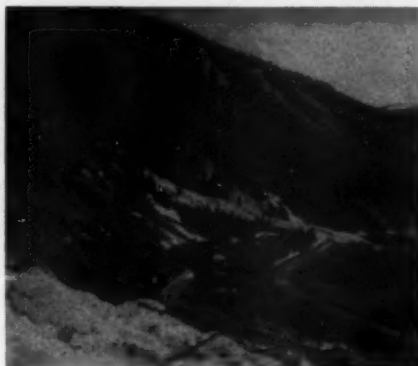
of contrasting characters. We shall not consider these further than to say that Mendel, with infinite patience, was able by repeated crossings to produce all the possible combinations of the seven paired and contrasted characters previously mentioned.

The only other plant that Mendel wrote much about was the hawkweed. Experiments with this were done at the request of Nageli, a prominent German botanist. Only in their correspondence do we find references to numerous other plants studied by Mendel. A partial list includes columbine, snapdragon, plum, pear, bean, flax and nasturtium.

Before dismissing the scientific work of Mendel, mention should be made of his efforts as gardener, beekeeper and meteorologist. As a gardener, his principal interests were with fruits and wild flowers. He secured seeds from many, widely separated parts of Europe and, today, in the monastery garden are Florentine grape vines and many fine fruit

trees marked with a leaden seal bearing the initials “G.M.” The old gardener there, who died a few years ago, is authority for the statement that Mendel affected five to six hundred crossings of fruit trees, raised their seedlings and grafted some of them on older trees.

Mendel’s bee-hives are still intact, as are his original sketches for their construction. His experiments here were not limited to hybridization but included study for determinization of the best type of food, protection of the hives from mildew



Lonely Road

It's little more than a cowpath—
That lonely road through the trees,
But it leads to a happy fireside
Fanned by an evergreen breeze.

Snowslides may block it each winter—
Cloudbursts may wash and mar;
But to someone it's still a treasure
As it winds up the valley afar.

Each road in the world leads somewhere—
To a home that is hallowed with love;
However forlorn and shabby,
It's watched by the Father above.

There's contentment beyond the highways—
Far past the pavement's end;
There's happiness where the heart is—
It's often around the next bend.

Henry H. Graham

and control of disease among the bees.

One would think that these varied interests would have been sufficient for even so many sided a man as was Mendel. However, he had time for meteorological studies. He was collaborator at Brunn for the Central and, later, for the Vienna Meteorological Institute. The barometer, maximum-and-minimum thermometer and rain gauge which he used were located each at a different part of the monastery grounds and, until less than a month before his death, he made thrice daily observations of each instrument. In addition to these regular tasks he made a study of sun-spots, of the level of the subsoil water and of the tornado which struck Brunn in 1870. These meteorological observations were the principal scientific attainments of his later years.

THE ABBOT AND BISHOP

As an ordinary monk, Mendel had access to a very little garden on which to conduct epoch-making observations. He had hoped, however, when he was elected abbot, that, with the entire gardens at his disposal, he could do much more work than ever before. Unfortunately for science, the responsibilities of his new position kept pace with its honor and authority. After his election in 1868, experimentation became an increasingly unimportant part of his life—not that his interest lagged but his time was occupied by other duties. His selection as abbot was not a complete surprise to him as we find mention of its possibility in a letter to his brother-in-law several days before it occurred. While he may have regretted his promotion later when he realized that it meant virtually the end of his experimental work, Mendel appreciated at the time the honor of his new position. This position was more than that of an ordinary abbot in that the prelate of the Koninginkloster was mitred—that is he carried the rank and actual office of a bishop. It was indeed an achievement to bring

satisfaction to the peasant-born youth. Some of his satisfaction is evident in a letter to the great Nageli who had sometimes been rather condescending in his scientific correspondence to the “supply” teacher. Mendel’s elevated position, however, did not make him forget his early friends. Out of his own funds he educated the three sons of his sister Theresia who had sacrificed her dowry for him. Then, too, he financed the establishment of a much-needed fire brigade at his native Heinzendorf in recognition of which he was made an honorary member.

He travelled some, entertained as his position required, was a patron of music, became curator of the Moravian Institute for Deaf Mutes, served as chairman of the Moravian Mortgage Bank, took an active interest in numerous scientific societies, was made commander of the Order of Francis Joseph and was active politically as a member of the German-Liberal Constitutional Party.

With advancing years the family tendency towards obesity became more apparent. Several years before his death, Mendel developed chronic kidney disease and later organic heart disease and general dropsy. His pulse was frequently around 120 but he refused to reduce to any great extent the 20 mild cigars he usually smoked during the course of a day. He contemplated death stoically as a natural necessity but he feared premature burial. Possibly because of that, he exacted a pledge from his physician nephew that an autopsy would be done. The end, hastened by uremia, occurred on January 6, 1884.

Mendel’s death was universally mourned in his immediate locality. Governmental officials, Protestants, Jews, neighbors, religious brothers and many of the poor whom he had helped so kindly, gathered to pay their last respects to Johann Gregor Mendel, the abbot. Mendel, the scientist, was eulogized twenty-five years later when a memorial to the investigator was erected at Brunn.

M editorials

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

A verbal toe-masher is one who does not watch where his words walk.

The summer-time is one time when every man works in the sweat of his brow; he even loafs in it.

If you “pull the leg” of a mule what else can you expect but a kick.

Christ is our Looking Glass wherein we can see where and how much we fail to measure up to perfection. And one can find no clearer reflection of Him than in the Liturgy and Sacred Scripture.

A lion is not trained without a trainer, nor are children!

Even if the “Keys of the Kingdom” are not humility and tolerance, they are the keys to the outer court which leads to where the real keys can be found.

Keep your mind on your joys, for your woes will make themselves felt often enough.



The Amazing Chinese

Winifred Heath

ONE GOOD thing at least has already come out of this terrible war. For while it has brought a seething hate to many unhappy peoples on the earth, to others it has brought a new understanding, a new friendship, holding a large hope for the future of all the world. The whole American continent is united as it never has been before; we are nearer to the people of Australia than we have ever been, and stranger yet, we have discovered that the Chinese who live clear around on the other side of the globe have more in common with us than many European nations.

A great many people have been inclined to regard the Chinese as a once powerful nation grown effete who have lagged behind on the road to progress. What they have accomplished during the past few years has proved how false this opinion was. Their energy and initiative has astonished the whole world, including the Japanese who expected an early conquest but are now willing to concede that the "Chinese Incident" has not shaped as they had supposed it would.

The remarkable strength of character displayed by the Chinese during the war with Japan was not formed over-night, but is the slow growth of centuries, the heritage bequeathed from a long line of honorable ancestors. Life has never been easy for the people of China, yet they have always enjoyed it. Theirs is a natural cheerfulness which the small annoyances of life cannot destroy. The

Chinese do not have nervous break-downs trying to get things done at top speed. Insane asylums are unknown and the nervous wreck does not exist. The Chinese have always realized that there is plenty of time and so they do not gobble up the minutes and get nervous indigestion as so many of us do in these United States.

The Chinese live close to the earth with 85% of the people tilling the soil; and the rest holding a deep, innate love of the good earth. It is this companionship that has taught them to live sanely and serenely. The earth will not be hurried, the earth abides in peace, the earth is beautiful in a myriad ways—and at times the earth is capricious. All these things the man of China ponders in his heart and so "gets wisdom."

There are times when the patience of the Chinese seems almost superhuman. Take for instance this true tale of a farmer: There came to South China a stupendous earthquake the like of which had never been seen before. A whole road with its trees intact was moved on a few miles; mountains were leveled, valleys rose up, and the whole landscape changed. During this terrific cataclysm one lone farmer was bodily removed with one small barn and set down upon the side of a hill which a few minutes ago he had surveyed from the window of his home. The land which he and his ancestors had tilled for so many years was completely lost and all his labors profited him nothing. Did the farmer sit down and

bemoan his fate? He did not. He thanked God that he still lived and his one barn had been spared him and started right in to till the hillside upon which he had been so unexpectedly and uncere- moniously deposited.

Another reason that the Chinese have held their own so well under the most devastating attacks is their immense capacity for work. The Chinese coolie is the hardest-working mortal on the earth and withal a merry soul and given to cooperation with his fellow men. Modern engineers have marveled at the Great Wall, an even more magnificent work than the pyramids of Egypt. They have wondered how by manpower alone this wall which stretches 2500 miles from Mongolia to the sea was ever built. Recently they have found an answer to the query. For they have seen the great University of Nanking and other colleges moved bodily inland from the coast by manpower alone. Up rivers and canals, piled on junk and sampan, over wild waters and rough roads they have gone, the schools of China with their brave, persistent teachers and their ambitious, patient pupils. Bit by bit, with basket and wheelbarrow, willing hands and feet have set up again the universities and the schools, the factories, and in fact whole towns.

And yet another feat has amazed the modern American engineers. New runways were needed immediately for the great new bombers but the American engineers declared they could not possibly be laid down under a month. Yet with their own hands and tireless feet 40,000 coolies laid those runways in ten days—an almost superhuman feat. This was a miracle of cooperation hardly possible except in the mysterious land of the Chinese coolie.

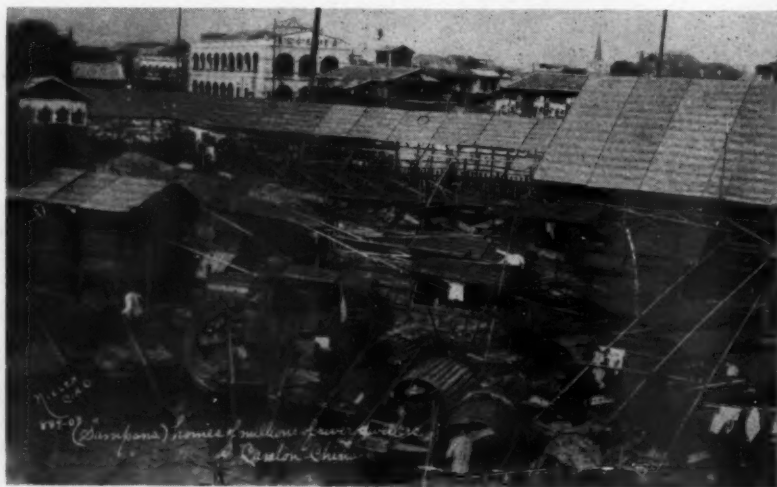
Yet it was China's seem- ing lack of unity which made Japan so sure of victory and caused most of the world to believe that China would fall. One wise Chinaman explained the situation when he made this cryptic remark: "When the Japanese took Nanking, they lost the war." What he meant was that it took that drastic ac- tion to bring the whole Chinese people together. In their determination not to be dominated by any other people they forgot all their small differences, remem- bered only that they had

been one people for 4000 years and vowed to re- main so united for yet many thousands more.

It is to be remembered that other peoples in the past have attempted to conquer the Flowery King- dom and have failed signally. The great wall of China was built to keep the Mongols out. What the wall failed to do the Chinese character achieved —for it is a wall stronger than any ever made by hand.

As we have recently discovered China is a truly democratic country and has the same passion for freedom that we have. She is, however, not so politically minded, and the idea of a good govern- ment in China is one that is not heard much of and leaves the people a good deal alone. China has always done a lot of its own governing at home— which is where all good governing should be done. There have been of course bad emperors, crooked governors, and the like, but the Chinese do not as a rule get all worked up over such indifferent characters. They know that they too will pass in time.

It has been said that a people can be judged by the bridges which it builds and if this be true then China has many remarkable monuments to her worth. Nowhere in the world will you find more ancient or sturdier bridges, many of them most beautifully wrought in marble and decorated with the figures of men and animals. Some of them are so old no one knows their age and they are called merely "the bridge of a myriad ages." Bridges a thousand years old are considered com- paratively modern. Marco Polo who visited the wonderful kingdom of Cathay (ancient China) in the 13th century was amazed at the immense num-



ber of fine bridges (Many of them still stand today). He also annoyed the home folk in the splendid city of Venice by claiming that the junks of China with their water-tight compartments were infinitely superior to the galleons of Europe.

There are primitive bridges in China which bear witness to the calm courage of the Chinese. These are flimsy contraptions of bamboo and even twisted millet stalk slung over yawning chasms and over roaring rivers up in the mountain lands of Thibet and along the mighty gorges of the Yangste-Kiang River. To the average foreigner crossing one of those swinging rope bridges with an equally insecure hand rope is a hair-raising experience, but the Chinese go over it without the quiver of an eyelash, followed sometimes by wife, children and violently protesting mule.

Other bridges owe their existence merely to the Chinese innate love of beauty, shared by coolie and mandarin. You will often find a lovely little bridge spanning a perfectly dry piece of land where no water ever ran or stood. But if you have the seeing eye you will note that it adds much to the beauty of landscape, and perhaps gives you a lovely glimpse of a slim pagoda or a dreaming lily pool with a tall tree set beside it. And that, my western brethren, is the only reason for its existence, since the Chinese believe that a bridge for the spirit is just as necessary as a bridge for the feet.

There are more ships in the waters of China than anywhere else and in places, such as at Canton on the Pearl River, the congestion is terrific. Yet you find very little quarreling or argument among these water dwellers. The reason is that the Chinese are essentially courteous and seldom in a hurry. Also the rule of the road on the waters is that the heavily laden, rather clumsy junk takes precedence of any slimmer, more elegant less seriously intentioned vessel.

Here again we find the proverbial cooperation for often you will see a whole string of saucy little sampans following each other, the first one attaching itself to the great junk as it makes its slow way. The junk owner is not in the least annoyed and there is a deal of good natured chaff on all sides. Such a proceeding in most other waters would

probably lead to trouble and some sore heads.

The same spirit rules on the land. Here it is the burden-bearer who gets the right of way, and a mandarin will always step aside to let a heavily laden coolie go by. The only folk for whom this rule is ever broken is the foreigner from Western lands. The Chinese have learned that if a gentleman from Europe or America is stopped in his course he is liable to make trouble and so he wisely makes way for him. Certain pompous individuals have sometimes thought it was the Chinese sense of their superiority which let them by. They quite failed to realize that their Chinese brother was making allowance for a certain childishness still to be found in the grown up white person.

A whole book could be written of the work the women have done and are still doing for the progress of China, and particularly toward the forwarding of victory and the freedom of their beloved land. For while the woman of China has been, like the Japanese, subject to the three obediences toward her chief male relatives, she has in her own quiet way, done much to mould the Chinese character. Now she stands beside the man and led by the splendid helpmate and comrade of their own great General, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, she is showing the world that a woman may be as strong as a man and just as brave, and yet remain in every sense of the word, a gentlewoman.

It is very good that we are learning to know better our brothers in China for there are many things they can teach us, and countless ways in which we may both profit from this better understanding.

We may be sure that these people will eventually win through to the peace and well being which they have so richly deserved and toiled for with such anguish of body and soul. And let us, following the example of that Christian Warrior, Chiang Kai-shek pray not only for the peace of the people of China but also for the war-ridden people of Japan. Let us also pray, as did a certain wise man of China recently: "Lord, reform Thy world, beginning with me." Here is much we can learn from the stoical Oriental—much in the way of patience.



Summer Palace Lake and Temple of 10,000 Buddhas, showing Lotus flowers.

Dom Augustine Baker

English Mystic, or Martyr--or Both?

Maurus Ohligslager, O.S.B.

DOM AUGUSTINE Baker is one of the glories of the English Benedictine Congregation. Unappreciated during his lifetime, he is now looked upon as a great mystic in the Church. Prayer was the chief characteristic of his life, yet it did not prevent his life from being very active, and even dramatic. Not dramatic, perhaps, like that of Cardinal Richelieu, filled with external achievement, but dramatic in the sense that it was a life of spiritual adventure, experienced by scaling the heights of mystical prayer.

Dom Baker was one of the spiritual giants of his times, and he influenced not only his own age, but left his impress on succeeding generations. His work, *Sancta Sophia*, "Holy Wisdom," is a classic. It has been and is, we might say, a sort of spiritual text-book for the Benedictines in England today.

David Baker was born in the town of Abergavenny, Monmouth, in that part of England known as Wales, on December 9, 1574. His entire life was spent in sad days indeed for Catholicity in England, for the faith was almost completely stamped out and there was little hope for its revival. It required sterling qualities to withstand the levelling influence of the well nigh complete victory of the enemies of Christ.

His parents were Catholics at the time of their marriage, but on the accession of Elizabeth to the throne his father conformed outwardly to the new religion. David grew up without any faith at all. He was sent to London to school when a little over eleven years of age; in May 1590 he went to Oxford, where he remained a year. During this year he fell into evil companionship, and led a life of debauchery, whereupon his father recalled him and put him under the tutelage of his elder brother, Richard, to study law.

The young Baker made great progress in his legal studies. He became a most able lawyer; so much

so that the chamberlain of the Exchequer, Sir Nicholas Fortescue, said that he regarded his judgment in matters of law as of more value than of any other man in the kingdom.

A great worldly future lay before him when something happened—his conversion. Like Paul he was struck by the grace of God when returning from a business trip on horseback. The story is this: preoccupied with business the young lawyer inadvertently allowed his horse to enter upon a bridge that was designed for a foot path for humans. Noticing his plight, that he could neither go forward nor backward, and that to plunge into the swollen stream would mean instant death, he thought within himself that, "If ever I get out of this danger, I will believe in God, who hath more care of my life and safety than I have had of His service and worship."

Immediately the horse's head was turned and all danger was over. How it happened he could never imagine. It was inconceivable how a four-footed beast could turn on such a narrow bridge. A miracle he considered it; he could find no natural explanation. Thereupon he resolved not only to believe in God and His Divine Providence, but also to worship Him.

Like St. Paul Baker followed the call of grace. After reading and much consideration he entered the Church. Example influenced his decision. Vice and heresy seemed to go hand in hand; the followers of Henry VIII were in great part addicted to immorality, greed for wealth, and hate for neighbor, while the Christians in communion with Rome were generally persons of sterling character.

Whole heartedly the neophyte practiced his religion and soon felt the call to enter a monastery. He went to Italy to become a Benedictine. Admitted to the monastery of St. Justina at Padua, he received the habit of a novice in 1605 and was given

the name of Augustine. The English novice did not make his profession at Padua, however, but was sent to his home land where he pronounced his vows before one of the few Benedictine monks laboring on the Mission there.

England before the so-called Reformation was a land dotted with many Abbeys. The ruins of old monasteries and cathedrals bear witness to the glories of the ages of Faith, when nobleman and pauper hied to the cloister; the people found good living under the shadow of Abbey spires, and song rent the air in Merrie England. But the times were changed, and under Elizabeth there were no monasteries to be found.

It so happened that when Augustine Baker made his profession as a monk, there was one Dom Robert Sigebert Buckley, an old monk, the sole survivor of the once numerous Benedictines of the land, who still lived on in the country. The keen legal mind of Baker immediately saw the possibilities of this link with the past and determined to prevent the extinction of the English Congregation of the Benedictine Order. He thereupon brought it about that the old monk should receive two priests, Father Sadler and Maihew, into the English Congregation, transmitting to them all the rights and privileges pertaining to the old Congregation. The Benedictine Order in England thus claims legal continuity with the glorious monuments of piety and of faith of the past, with Canterbury, Westminster, Glanstonbury, and others. And it was through the work of Dom Baker that this was accomplished.

But Father Augustine's chief characteristic was that he was a mystic, and it is in this and his ascetical writings that his claim to remembrance by posterity lies. Giving his chief energies to learning how to pray, he successively passed through the four stages of prayer: meditation, acts of the will, aspirations, and finally the state of passive union with God. Something unknown to his contemporaries brought about an end to his passive union. Aridity beset him; finally he was freed from the state of dryness and he again went through the stages of prayer, this time to adhere to his mysticism for the rest of his life.

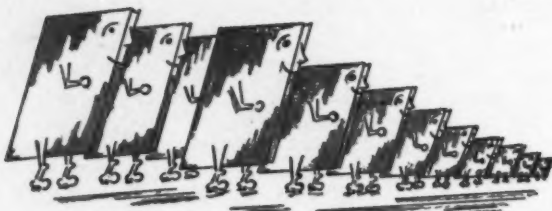
The practical knowledge of the ways of sanctity that Dom Baker acquired through prayer he put to good use by writing a number of spiritual treatises. The best known of these is his "Sancta Sophia," or "Holy Wisdom," which is in reality a digest of his spiritual works. This book is considered a spiritual classic. Referring to it Dom Justin McCann

writes: "Father Baker is a striking, if not a unique, figure in the history of post-Reformation English Catholicism. The fourteenth century in England, with Richard Rolle, the anonymous author of the Cloud of Unknowing, Walter Hilton, and Dame Julian, produced original writings of the first quality. If we look for any parallel to their work in post-Reformation Catholicism, we find one book, and one book only, Father Baker's "Sancta Sophia," which can be set beside it. . . It is recognized on all hands as the work of a spiritual master."

Although Dom Baker's life was filled with ups and downs, tragedy from a human standpoint was destined to enter into it. Tragedy resulting from misunderstanding and human weaknesses. He was residing at Douai College, France, and was being sought after for spiritual direction, and becoming popular. Dom Baker was always strong for the contemplative element in the Benedictine life. He expressed himself on this subject in his "Treatise of the English Mission." This aroused controversy and opposition among the active spirits, especially from one Dom Rudisind Barlow, who himself had written a "Treatise of Mystical Divinity." The personal element entered into the affair, and when the President-General visited St. Gregory's pressure was brought to bear upon him to remove Dom Baker from Douai. At that time Dom Baker was sixty years of age and in failing health; yet, alas for the tragedy of it, he was sent to the mission of England, a land where priests were hunted down like dogs. Being a good religious he obeyed. At first he had some companions; later he was left alone to shift for himself, dragging himself from place to place, trying to do what good he could as long as his broken health could stand the strain. He lasted three years and died in England, August 9, 1641, a martyr in equivalency, if not in deed.

While at the college, he delighted in cultivating roses in the garden. Like the rose the more it is crushed the greater perfume it emits, so Dom Baker humanly speaking crushed during his life time was vindicated by posterity and today spreads the odor of sanctity by his holy life and writings. If his Order treated him perhaps badly while he was alive, it made ample amends, for today the name of this great mystic and apostle of prayer is a shining beacon among his brethren; he is held in high repute also in the whole Church.

Dom Bede Camm writes of him as "The most famous ascetical writer, director of souls, and saintly missionary, that our Congregation, perhaps, ever produced."



Books and Booklets in Review

BOOKS ON TRIAL

ORIGINALLY conceived as an antidote for questionable "best seller" lists of books published in the daily press, the new monthly *Books on Trial* has had the unique experience of being catapulted over night into a best seller class of its own.

Several years ago an ex-manufacturer and banker of Chicago founded a "not for profit" Catholic Action project to promote increased reading of better literature. He conducted a survey of book-buyers' habits and found to his surprise that the majority were depending almost entirely on the lists published in the secular press.

Since these lists or charts show only *Quantity* he devised similar charts to show *Quality*. The idea "clicked." Within a week of the first news announcement in a Denver paper advance subscriptions were received from twenty-six States.

A circular was distributed showing a sample chart and word came back from all parts of the country that the sample page was being posted in libraries and even Church vestibules. People in all walks of life wrote to say that the chart idea alone was worth the subscription price of \$1.00 per year, because of its time-saving features. Before the first 24-page issue had been completed more than 250 cities had been heard from.

Books on Trial is the first published guide to come within reach of the average reader, either in cost or convenience. Unfortunately, few of the laity subscribe to more than one or two Catholic periodicals, and these may never mention the book in which the subscriber is interested. The chart in *Books on Trial* shows at a glance the classified conclusions of every available Catholic publica-

tion. Pertinent excerpts from the best of the reviews appear alphabetically on the opposite pages. The April issue rates one hundred and twenty recent books in its charts and includes comments or short reviews on about thirty more.

The reviewers of some eighty different publications consulted are referred to as the "jury,"—and the fact that they weigh the evidence gives the publication its name.

Future issues will include full length reviews, not only of secular "best sellers" but also the selections of all the various "book clubs,"—together with articles for general readers and librarians, news of forth-coming books, biographical sketches, etc. Four times a year enlarged charts for posting purposes will provide "ratings" on the books listed during the previous quarter.

Books on Trial should be highly valuable to all who are consulted about books or pamphlets or who are interested in buying wisely. The price is \$1.00 per year. It is published by the Thomas More Library, Majestic Building, Chicago.

IN NO STRANGE LAND

By Katherine Burton

THE AUTHORESS, herself a convert to the Catholic Church of some nine years, has gathered in this volume an excellent collection of short biographies of some fifteen of the more outstanding American converts to Catholicism during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. They are written pleasantly and simply and with the variety of presentation so necessary for such a work. One finds them of such human interest that the reading of the one demands the reading of the next. She has shown how fervent Protestants of great intellect have found their only lasting peace of mind in the full, unchanged doctrine of

Christ as it is still preserved only in the Catholic Church. Longmans, Green and Co., Price \$2.50.

THE SOLUTION IS EASY

By Mark Schmid, O.S.B., Ph. D.

THIS is a work on philosophical treatises that well merits its place among the books of distinguished scholars. The author presents in clear and concise chapters ready answers to many questions of science that bear on the philosophic.

In the light of so many disputed scientific questions that have long been with us as well as those of more recent date Dr. Schmid's "The Solution Is Easy" gives us an epitome of philosophical research that can easily and safely serve as a guidebook of solid truth, both for the tyro in the study of philosophy and the busy layman. We find here, in brief, solid answers to many simple and complex situations that arise in the world of thought. All sciences in one way or other find their solutions here.

Today, while the world is little given to serious reading and living, there is great danger for the mind to fall into innocuous desuetude. The result is indifference in all matters that by their very nature ought to provoke thinking and to bear useful and fruitful knowledge. The surging tide of desire for leisure, radio, movies, pleasure riding, etc., has the driving force of sinking man in the maelstrom of *laissez faire* attitude as far as the realm of thought is concerned. Errors, misconceptions, prejudice, ignorance, low standards of morality, all do their bit to help make the love of God, the eternal, beauty, and truth less perceptible and appreciable in man's physical, social, moral and mental outlook on life.

Therefore, to have a solid basis for and a right conception of man's

destiny the work of Dr. Schmid proffers us the answers worth while knowing and putting into our daily life in his book "The Solution Is Easy." The Dictionary of Words (Glossary), containing twelve pages, is unique. A practical auxiliary to the text. Frederick Pustet Co., Price \$2.00.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

By Raissa Maritain

IN THIS age of the so-called "Funny" Papers it is refreshing to find a juvenile of the merits of this book that can help offset the pernicious effects of at least some of the "Funnies." Written for youngsters, it is not too deep for them to grasp because the language is quite simple. The author had two difficulties to overcome in writing her book, namely, to write down to the intelligence of immature minds, and to make the topic of sanctity interesting. A perusal of the book will show that she succeeded very well in both cases.

As one reads through the book (not very long, 127 pages of large type generously spaced) he finds that there are many topics of interest to a boy or girl: St. Thomas's title, *Angel of the Schools*; his childhood; his school life at the Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassino, Italy; his vocation to the Dominican Order; the intrigues of his family to thwart his vocation; the snare laid to tarnish his chastity; the title given to him by his fellow students, the *Dumb Ox*; his composition of the liturgical office of the Blessed Sacrament; the miracles of the roses and the star; his forgetfulness at the table of King Louis of France; the witness of the voice from the crucifix, "Well hast thou written of me, Thomas"; and finally his death while on the way to the Council of Lyons.

This biography of St. Thomas Aquinas is good hagiography. It tells very simply the life of the man of God. And the truth and beauty of this life attracts admiration and imitation. The book is to be recommended highly.

The pen drawings, from Gino Severini, like the reading matter in the book, are simple and well chosen.

The drawing of the full figure of the saint is especially attractive. The format and general make-up are in the usual good taste and according to the high standards of Sheed and Ward books. Sheed and Ward, Price \$1.50.

THE GIFTS OF GOD

By Elizabeth Sharp

ELIZABETH SHARP, who lives in California, began writing when she was ten years old. Her first opus was a play of puppets. Both at the making and manipulating of puppets (which she always refers to as her "little people") as well as in the writing and directing of plays for them "to act in," she is expert. In collaboration with Carola Maradas she has put on successful puppet performances in Europe and America.

At thirteen, Elizabeth Sharp wrote a novel, and later a series of plays for flesh-and-blood characters, and concerned with Christian immortals like Alfred the Great and St. John Chrysostom.

I mention these facts because they were undoubtedly part of the author's necessary preparation for the writing of this book.

After a thorough course in Catholic exegesis and dogma delivered to the University students of Munich in 1937 and 1938 under the distinguished Friedrich Kronseder, S. J., Miss Sharp saw clearly and swiftly how she could transfer her dramatic interest from lifeless trinkets and dead heroes to the living truths of the Faith.

The Gifts of God is not an academic spiritual treatise; it is a practical portrayal of spiritual realities in action. Elizabeth Sharp's keen dramatic sense enables her to make her thoughts live as realistically as she would put one of her "little people" into action with the aid of pasteboard and strings.

There is shrewd wisdom in this book, convincing wisdom, and indeed, charming wisdom. The author's theological sense is remarkably sound, and her graciousness, which is always that of a girl, makes her subject matter even more appealing than it would be in heavier hands.

In these days when our country is facing a shortage of all material things, spiritual values will need to be enhanced if we are to survive with courage. This is the kind of book that will help supply that courage, if it be read as intelligently and prayerfully as it was written. Catechetical Guild, St. Paul, Minn.

GOD: CAN WE FIND HIM?

By Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph. D., LL.D.

In ten chapters as many proofs in nature for the existence of God are presented. One need not delve into the deeper philosophical and theological proofs so long as one may view the heavens, the earth, and all that is on the earth. Father O'Brien has been teaching fundamental theology for a good many years to college students and the technique of the teacher is a help in bringing sublime truths down to the grasp of all. Paulist Press. Price 5¢.

WHAT! ME A SAINT?

By Rev. John Delaney, S.J.

This fascinating pamphlet is the direct result of a retreat. It was originally issued in mimeographed form as a sort of memento for the men. And it was these workingmen of the retreat who insisted in its being printed in pamphlet form. Printed at cost price, 2¢ from Institute of Social Order, 24 W. 16th Street, N.Y.C.

MY MIND WANDERS

By Rev. John Delaney, S.J.

This pamphlet was issued four months ago and without any of the selling facilities or advertising—just as the result of word of mouth recommendation—over 37 thousand copies have been distributed. It is a consoling and instructive word for those who find it hard to keep their thoughts collected during the Holy Mass. Sold at cost price, 3¢ from the Institute of Social Order, 24 W. 16th Street, New York City.

MY DAILY VISIT

Sixty-four pages of prayers for visits to the Blessed Sacrament. Price 10¢, Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Mo.

Parents, Delinquency, and Criminals

Calvin T. Ryan

IT MAY seem strange that the influence of the home upon the future happiness and general behavior of the children from that home was apparently not discovered, at least not talked about, or written about, until the American home began to show signs of disintegrating. When our high divorce rate made the newspaper headlines and became a subject for investigation and study; when popular magazines began to run articles on the disappearing home, and to question the value of the home, then all those interested in the home and in children-child psychologists, the church, juvenile courts, child study association—immediately began to tell us about the influence of the home on children. Parents suddenly became of more worth,—or less, as the case may be.

The fact that Jesus said, with reference to the child, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," apparently had no influence upon those who had occasion to exploit children. It required the combined effort of Elizabeth Barret Browning, the poet, and Charles Dickens, the novelist, to induce the English law makers to protect the children from the coal mines, factories, and chimney sweeping. First your poet, then your philosopher, then your scientist. History seems to bear out that order of happenings. Sara Teasdale could write in *Barter*:

"And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup."

Coventry Patmore could write in *The Toys*, after he had struck his little son for having his "law the seventh time disobeyed," and dismissed him un-kissed:

"I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet."

The poet says that he looked at the little boy's toys, which he had by his bed, "To comfort his sad heart," and then,—

"So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,

.....
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'

But, we are now told, this is the Age of the Child. Mr. Justice Jacob Panken can write: "It is sometimes said that nice people are entitled to decent children. The truth is that it is the children who are entitled to decent parents." And from the same authority: "Good environment breeds good morals. Faulty environment breeds evil and immorality." Justice Panken includes under "environment," "Everything with which the child comes into contact." That means his parents, his brothers and sisters, his religious instruction, his school, and the like.

Other investigators, and many organizations as well, have come to the conclusion that the home is the most vital influence in the life of the child. And in that home, the mother is the most important single influence.

The attitude of the parents toward each other, and toward life, is more important to the well-being of the children than the social or economic status of the family. When the authorities discover the schoolground bully they start their corrective measures with the home. Often there they find nagging parents, and parents who try to bully their son. Here is a speech specialist who says before he will start the treatment of a child for many speech defects he must see the child's parents and understand the child's home life.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that we start the study of delinquency with the home of the delinquent? Should we be startled by the discovery

that the criminal was once a delinquent? The Home! The Parents! The child's early environment! Isn't it time that we realize the futility of punitive measures, and pay more attention to preventive ones? We wait until the criminal is produced, or the child becomes a delinquent, then we deal out the punishment to the victim. We permit the cause of the criminal, the source of the delinquent to go unpunished, or uncorrected. This must be a striking illustration of locking the barn after the horse has been stolen.

No one thing produces delinquency. Nor does the same thing produce delinquency in all children. Often delinquency is caused by a combination of factors. Occasionally economic conditions in the home produce unhappiness. The mother may have a job, while the father is still unemployed. One or both parents may be alcoholics. There may not be space enough for the children. Prolonged and frequent illnesses within the family may cause personality maladjustments.

A parent ignorant of child training may rear a potential criminal. Take the matter of punishment. One doesn't have to be an ultra-progressive and say that the child should go his own way, for that is an excellent way to breed citizens who never know how to respect law and authority. On the other hand, one may be so ignorant of child life that he or she will punish the children for his natural desire to explore and find out things for himself. Often the child is destructive without knowing any better. He is simply trying to find out about his new world. Punishment upsets the child. He can't understand it.

Then, too, the punishment may be too closely related to the parent's own anger, rather than to the child's naughtiness. "I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!" An irate parent threatened a child once in my hearing. The parent is the child's first contact with the world. Father and mother are symbols of society for the child. What notion of society will a child get from a parent who makes such a threat?

Through fear of punishment, the child may refrain from some act. But that builds within him cowardice. He may simply postpone the time when he will do the thing, largely because of the threat which hung over his head. Punishment will often develop within the child an inferiority complex. Punishing a child is really a very serious thing. Whenever it is used by an adult merely because he is larger than the child, one needs to do some investigating. Within a family it is often an admission of an earlier failure. Somewhere the child has been misguided.

The normal child lives in two worlds. One is the result of his imagination: the make-believe world, where anything can happen. To his imagination the child retires for reinforcements. The other one, obviously, is the world of adults, or the world which adults create. We call it the "real world." The child who is deprived of the normal experiences of that make-believe world is likely to suffer the consequences. Not having the training in the make-believe world, where he seems to have some power, and a sense of belonging, he makes bad adjustments in the real world. That is why the child needs to read, to have brought to him adventures in the imagination. The work of Mr. Justice Panken comes to mind again. He finds the therapeutic value of reading very powerful. It gives the delinquent a chance to live in a new, and frequently a better, world. He learns about other people. He finds out how they meet life. He sees the consequences of good and bad behavior.

The parent who does not make it possible for his children to read, who does not encourage reading, and who does not help his child select the right book, is certainly falling short of the full stature of a parent. He is missing a chance, perhaps, to turn his child's attention to worthy models of good citizenship. To say, "I don't have time to fool with my child's reading," or "I don't know anything about children's books," is to make a damaging admission for a parent. In the first place, the parent owes that attention and time to his children. In the second place, with the amount of help in books, magazines, and libraries, it is not a valid excuse. A parent who wants to can learn about the right books.

Obviously in a home where all the spending is done on the parents, where they get the new clothes when any are bought, where they attend the movies, where they have their drinking bouts, there will be no money left to spend on the children. They may need all that clothes can do for them, but they don't get the clothes. They may need piano lessons, or dancing lessons, but there is no money for them.

Try to visualize the world children from such a home see, feel, experience! Shall we blame the girls for marrying the first available men, and getting away from such a place? They may repent of it afterwards, but they could not stand the environment at home and preferred a change of any kind.

What of the boys? Study the case records of the boys in our reform schools, and you will find that almost all of them come from broken or unhappy homes. Society is punishing these boys, but

the real culprits are the parents who failed them. Father Flanagan's "Boys Town," near Omaha, is a unique experiment in what a foster home can do. There the boys are made to feel they have some worth; that they are wanted in the world to do some work. Father Flanagan takes the boys after the homes have failed and he does for the boys what the homes should have done. Products from Boys Town are seldom found in criminal courts.

On the other hand, we should admit that some homes are unwholesome for children through no fault of the parents. These parents have fallen victims of conditions over which they apparently have had no control. The bad environment which results will have its bad influence upon the children, but the parents are not blameworthy. They have done the best they could, or the best they knew how.

Among such families we should make provision for aid, assistance of some kind. Certainly we should have community organizations which have trained leaders ready to counsel the parents. It is doubly unjust to punish the delinquents from such homes, and do nothing to prevent their becoming delinquents.

Human nature has changed very little in the last one or two hundred years. Social and economic conditions under which human nature must exist may have changed. The family has always had a very telling part to play in the development of children. I think it will always have a part. Perhaps it is fortunate that we have more recently discovered the influence of the home. Maybe we shall eventually do something to protect it. It needs protection and guidance, not abandonment.

For information relative to the *National Liturgical Week* to be held at St. Meinrad's Abbey, St. Meinrad, Indiana, October 12th to 16th, write to: Dom Michael Ducey, O.S.B., Secretary, Benedictine Liturgical Conference, St. Meinrad, Indiana.



GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.



"Offer for thy purification."
—St. Mark 1:44.

FROM GOD TO GOD

A LITTLE boy, who had been very much absorbed with his prayer book at Mass on Sunday morning, asked his teacher on Monday why the ushers did not take up the collection at that part of the Mass that is marked "Collect." The prayer(s) that the priest offers after the Kyrie (and Gloria) is called "Collect" because he collects, as it were, all the prayers of the faithful and, as their spokesman, offers them to God.

There is no limit to the number and variety of petitions that you may put into this "spiritual collection basket." Spiritual things are boundless, but material gifts have definite limits. The collection basket that is passed around for your Sunday offering has a definite capacity. Your offering is limited by the size of your pocketbook, and this, in turn, by the bounds of your spirit of sacrifice.

Collections are taken up also in Protestant Churches, but not during the Holy Sacrifice. Your Sunday offering should take its inspiration from the Offering on the altar. Christ, the Victim of the Holy Sacrifice, gives Himself entirely. Although Omnipotent He can give no more than He does. That should be your inspiration. You need not give until there is no more to give, but at least "till it hurts," if it is to be considered an offering or sacrifice. You are merely giving back to God what He gave to you. Material goods are from the Hand of God. When you give them back to Him they multiply in His cashier's Hands so that you have always more to give. More liberality will widen the bounds of your pocket book. Try it.

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